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Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The First in loftiness of thought Surpass'd,
The Next in Majesty; in both the Last.
The force of Nature could no farther goe:
To make a Third she joynd the former two.
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Paradiſe Loſt.

A POEM

In Twelve Books.

The AUTHOUR

JOHN MILTON.

The Fourth Edition, Adorn'd with Sculptures.

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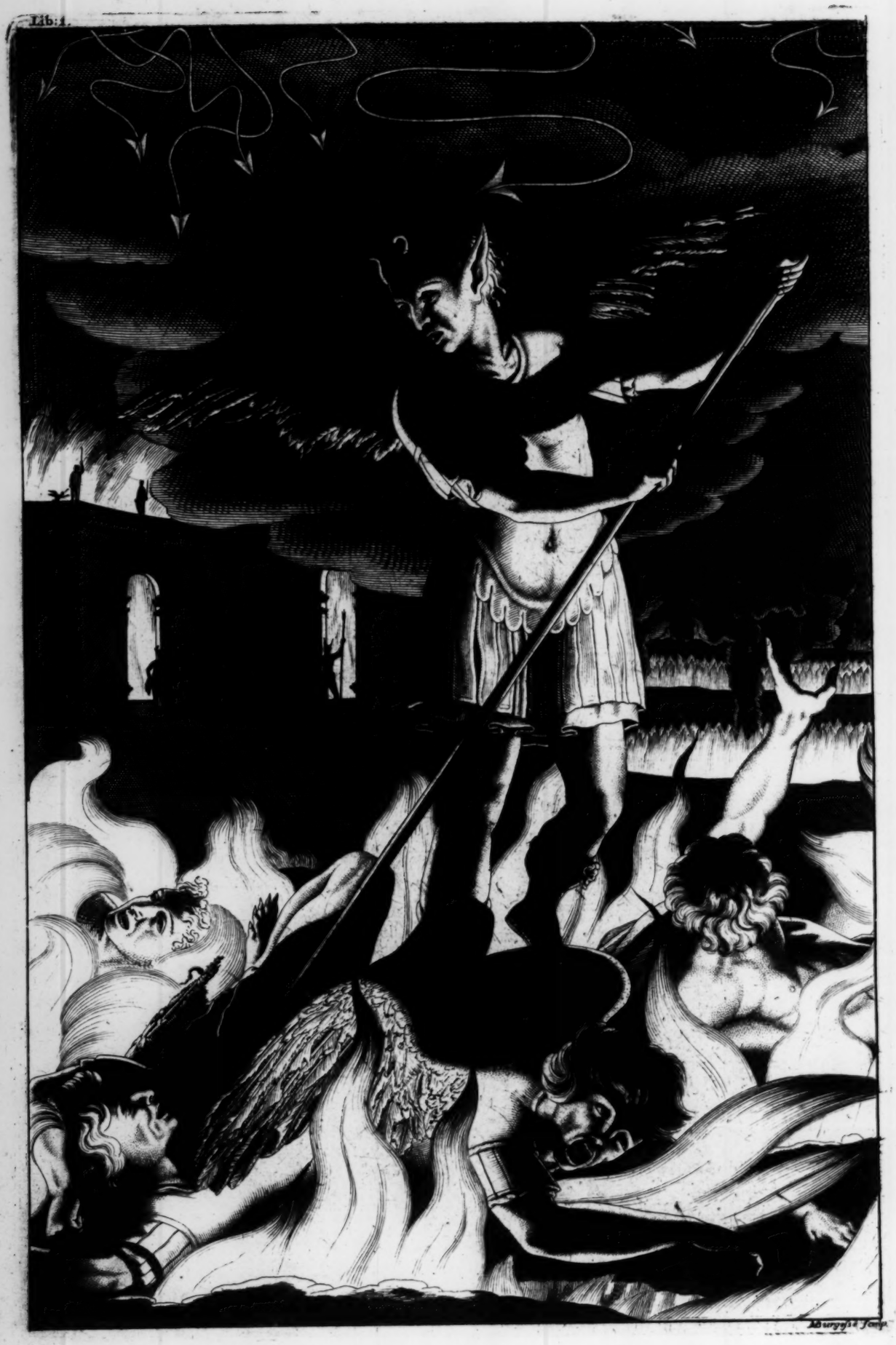
M DC LXXXVIII.

The VERSE.

THE *Meaſure is* Engliſh *Heroick Verſe without Rhime, as that of* Homer *in* Greek, *and of* Virgil *in* Latine; *Rhime being no neceſſary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verſe, in longer Works eſpecially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame Metre; grac'd indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern Poets, carried away by Cuſtome, but much to their own vexation, hindrance and conſtraint to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe, than elſe they would have expreſt them. Not without cauſe therefore ſome both* Italian *and* Spaniſh *Poets of prime note have rejected Rhime both in longer and ſhorter Works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt* Engliſh *Tragedies, as a thing of it ſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts onely in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one Verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rhime ſo little is to be taken for a defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be eſteem'd an example ſet, the firſt in* Engliſh, *of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroick Poem from the troubleſome and modern bondage of Rhiming.*



Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Firſt Book propoſes, firſt in brief, the whole Subject. *Mans diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Paradiſe wherein he was plac'd:* Then touches *the prime cauſe of his fall, the Serpent, or rather* Satan *in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his ſide many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep.* Which action paſs'd over, the Poem haſts into the midſt of things, preſenting *Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell,* deſcrib'd here, *not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be ſuppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurſt) *but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt call'd* Chaos: *Here* Satan *with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-ſtruck and aſtoniſh'd; after a certain ſpace recovers, as from confuſion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of their miſerable fall.* Satan *awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded; They riſe, their Numbers, array of Battle, their chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in* Canaan *and the Countries adjoining. To theſe* Satan *directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them, laſtly, of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Propheſie or report in Heaven;* for that Angels were long before this viſible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. *To find out the truth of this Propheſie, and what to determin thereon, he refers to a full Councel. What his Aſſociates thence attempt.* Pandemonium *the Palace of* Satan *riſes, ſuddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there ſit in Councel.*

OF Man's Firſt Diſobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loſs of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsfull Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didſt inſpire
That Shepherd, who firſt taught the choſen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion* Hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa*'s Brook that flow'd
Faſt by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, For Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty Wings outſpread
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs
And mad'ſt it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the heighth of this great Argument
I may aſſert Eternal Providence,
And juſtifie the ways of God to men.

Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favour'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creatour, and tranſgreſs his Will
For one reſtraint, Lords of the World beſides?

Who

Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile
Stir'd up with envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his Hoſt
Of Rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in Glory above his Peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky
With hideous ruine and combuſtion down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durſt defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that meaſures Day and Night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his balefull eyes
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The diſmal Situation waſte and wilde,
A Dungeon horrible, on all ſides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd onely to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, dolefull ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes

That

That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconſum'd:
Such place Eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their Priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their Portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmoſt Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'rwhelm'd
With Flouds and Whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns, and weltring by his ſide
One next himſelf in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Paleſtine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence thus began.

If thou beeſt he; But, O how fall'n! How chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of light
Cloath'd with tranſcendent brightneſs didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joyn'd with me once, now miſery hath joyn'd
In equal ruine: into what Pit thou ſeeſt
From what heighth fallen, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire Arms? Yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre; that fixt mind
And high diſdain, from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the mightieſt rais'd me to contend,

And

And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durſt diſlike his Reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt power with adverſe power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And ſhook his Throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; the unconquerable Will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield:
And what is elſe not to be overcome?
That Glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deifie his power,
Who from the terrour of this Arm ſo late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by Fate the ſtrength of Gods
And this Empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsfull hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile Eternal War
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of Joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heaven.

So ſpake th' apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O chief of many Throned Powers,
That led the imbattell'd Seraphim to War
Under thy conduct, and in dreadfull deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King;

And put to proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or Fate,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and ſoul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty Hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heavenly Eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpow'rd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our Spirit and ſtrength intire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengefull ire,
Or doe him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of War, what e'er his buſineſs be
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or doe his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th'Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or Suffering: But of this be ſure,
To doe ought good never will be our task,
But ever to doe ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his Providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,

And

And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt Counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs Deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild,
The Seat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadfull? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our Enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what reſolution from deſpair.

Thus Satan talking to his neareſt Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beſides
Prone on the Floud, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monſtrous ſize,

Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that Warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareos or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By ancient *Tarſus* held, or that Sea beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' Ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumbring on the *Norway* foam
The Pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming ſome Iſland, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the Lee, while Night
Inveſts the Sea, and wiſhed Morn delays:
So ſtretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhew'n
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the Flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In Billows, leave i'th'midſt a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded Wings he ſtears his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean Wind tranſports a Hill

Torn

Torn from *Pelorus*, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thundring *Ætna*, whoſe combuſtible
And fewel'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoak: Such reſting found the ſoal
Of unbleſt feet. Him followed his next Mate,
Both glorying to have ſcap'd the *Stygian* flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, this the Seat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournfull gloom
For that Celeſtial light? Be it ſo, ſince he
Who now is Sov'reign can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt
Whom reaſon hath equal'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail
Infernal World, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new Poſſeſſour: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it ſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th'Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may Reign ſecure, and in my choice
To Reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to Reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithfull friends,

Th'aſſo-

Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs
Lye thus aſtoniſht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy Manſion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more loſt in Hell?

So *Satan* ſpake, and him *Beelzebub*
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyl'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perillous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon Lake of Fire,
As we e'erwhile, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.

He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperiour Fiend
Was moving toward the ſhoar; his ponderous ſhield
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the Moon, whoſe Orb
Through Optick Glaſs the *Tuſcan* Artiſt views
At Ev'ning from the top of *Feſole*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to deſcry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her ſpotty Globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt Pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills, to be the Maſt
Of ſome great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to ſupport uneaſie ſteps
Over the burning Marle, not like thoſe ſteps

On

On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he ſtood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans'd
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that ſtrow the Brooks
In *Vallombroſa*, where th'*Etrurian* ſhades
High over-arch'd imbowr; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
Hath vext the Red Sea Coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his *Memphian* Chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The Sojourners of *Goſhen*, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating Carkaſes
And broken Chariot Wheels; ſo thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the Floud,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriers, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repoſe
Your wearied vertue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To adore the Conquerour? Who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Floud
With ſcatter'd Arms and Enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n Gates diſcern
Th'advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.

They

They heard, and were abaſht, and up they ſprung
Upon the Wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouze and beſtir themſelves e'er well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's Voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of *Amram*'s Son in *Ægypt*'s evil day
Wav'd round the Coaſt, up call'd a pitchy Cloud
Of *Locuſts*, warping on the Eaſtern Wind,
That o'er the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darkn'd all the Land of *Nile*:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on Wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding Fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe in even balance down they light
On the firm Brimſtone, and fill all the Plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to paſs
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and ſpread
Beneath *Gibralter* to the *Lybian* ſands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great Commander; Godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling humane, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that erſt in Heaven ſat on Thrones;
Though of their Names in Heav'nly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their Rebellion, from the Books of Life.

Nor

Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
Got them new Names, till wandring o'er the Earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the trial of man,
By falſities and lyes the greateſt part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creatour, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities;
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muſe, their Names then known, who firſt, who laſt,
Rouz'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery Couch,
At their great Emperour's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof?
The chief were thoſe who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, God's ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, Thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it ſelf their Shrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy Rites, and ſolemn Feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt *Molock*, horrid King beſmear'd with bloud
Of humane Sacrifice, and Parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their Childrens cries unheard, that paſt through fire
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
Worſhipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,

In *Argob* and in *Baſan*, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt *Arnon*. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
His Temple right againſt the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleaſant Valley of *Hinnon*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, th'obſcene dread of *Moab*'s Sons,
From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild
Of Southmoſt *Abarim*; in *Heſebon*
And *Horonaim*, *Seon*'s Realm, beyond
The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,
And *Eleale* to th' *Aſphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
To doe him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtfull Orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that Hill of ſcandal, by the Grove
Of *Moloch* homicide, luſt hard by hate;
Till good *Joſiah* drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bordring floud
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
Of *Baalim* and *Aſhtaroth*, thoſe Male,
Theſe Feminine. For Spirits when they pleaſe
Can either Sex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their Eſſence pure,
Not ty'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chuſe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their aery purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfill.

For

For thoſe the Race of *Iſrael* oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, ſunk before the Spear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came *Aſtoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Aſtarte, Queen of Heav'n, with creſcent Horns;
To whoſe bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her Temple on th'offenſive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whoſe heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatreſſes, fell
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a Summers day,
While ſmooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea, ſuppos'd with bloud
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
Infected *Sions* Daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred Porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the Viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his Worſhippers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monſter, upward Man
And downward Fiſh: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coaſt
Of *Paleſtine*, in *Gath* and *Aſcalon*

And *Accaron* and *Gaza*'s frontier bounds.
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whoſe delightfull Seat
Was fair *Damaſcus*, on the fertile Banks
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo againſt the Houſe of God was bold:
A Leper once he loſt and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his ſottiſh Conquerour, whom he drew
God's Altar to diſparage and diſplace
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
His odious Offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquiſht. After theſe appear'd
A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Oſiris, *Iſis*, *Orus*, and their Train
With monſtrous ſhapes and Sorceries abus'd
Fanatick *Ægypt* and her Prieſts, to ſeek
Their wandring gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
Rather than humane. Nor did *Iſrael* ſcape
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King
Doubl'd that ſin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he paſs'd
From *Ægypt* marching, equal'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for it ſelf: To him no Temple ſtood
Or Altar ſmoak'd; yet who more oft than he
In Temples and at Altars, when the Prieſt
Turns Atheiſt, as did *Ely*'s Sons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In Courts and Palaces he alſo Reigns
And in luxurious Cities where the noiſe
Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt Towrs,

And

And injury and outrage: And when Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th'*Ionian* gods, of *Javan*'s Iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſt later than Heav'n and Earth
Their boaſted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns firſt-born
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
His own and *Rhea*'s Son like meaſure found;
So *Jove* uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in *Crete*
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
Their higheſt Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
Of *Dorick* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Heſperian* Fields,
And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmoſt Iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimps of joy, to have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs it ſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtfull hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd

Azazel

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd
Th' Imperial Enſign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a Meteor ſtreaming to the Wind
With Gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphick Arms and Trophies: all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal Hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand Banners riſe into the Air
With orient Colours waving: with them roſe
A Foreſt huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ſerried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeaſurable: Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
Of Flutes and ſoft Recorders; ſuch as rais'd
To height of nobleſt temper Hero's old
Arming to battel, and inſtead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft Pipes that charm'd
Their painfull ſteps o'er the burnt ſoyl; and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid Front
Of dreadfull length and dazling Arms, in guiſe
Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: He through the armed Files

Darts

Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole Battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods,
Their number laſt he ſumms. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hardning in his ſtrength
Glories: For never ſince created man,
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes; though all the Giant brood
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroick Race were joyn'd
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each ſide
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what reſounds
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uther's* Son
Begirt with *Britiſh* and *Armorick* Knights;
And all who ſince, Baptis'd or Infidel
Jouſted in *Aſpramont* or *Montalban*,
Damaſco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebiſond*,
Or whom *Biſerta* ſent from *Africk* ſhore
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread Commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not loſt
All her Original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and the exceſs
Of Glory obſcur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal miſty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Darkn'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep ſcars of Thunder had intrencht, and care

Sate

Sate on his faded cheek, but under Brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate Pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal Splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they ſtood,
Their Glory wither'd. As when Heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the Foreſt Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth though bare
Stands on the blaſted Heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpight of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty, and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change
Hatefull to utter: But what power of mind
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant Legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?

For

For me be witneſs all the Hoſt of Heav'n,
If counſels different, or danger ſhun'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one ſecure
Sate on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtome; and his Regal State
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok't; our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: That he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he e'erlong
Intended to create and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this Infernal Pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full Counſel muſt mature: Peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think Submiſſion? War then, War
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped Arms

Claſh'd on their ſounding Shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There ſtood a Hill not far whoſe grieſly top
Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoak; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſie ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallick Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous Brigad haſten'd. As when Bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or caſt a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected Spirit that fell
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trod'n Gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatifick: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the Centre, and with impious hands
Riff'd the bowels of their mother Earth
For Treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a ſpatious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the pretious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how their greateſt Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are eaſily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,

That

That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a ſecond multitude
With wondrous Art found out the maſſie Ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcum'd the Bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blaſt of wind
To many a row of Pipes the ſound-board breaths.
Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Roſe like an Exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet Symphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a Temple where *Pilaſters* round
Were ſet, and Dorick Pillars overlaid
With golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with boſſy Sculptures grav'n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* ſuch magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or *Serapis* their Gods, or ſeat
Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Aſſyria* ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fixt her ſtately height, and ſtrait the dores
Op'ning their brazen foulds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by ſubtle Magick many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Creſſets fed
With *Naphtha* and *Aſphaltus* yielded light
As from a sky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe
And ſome the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred ſtructure high,
Where Scepter'd Angels held their reſidence,

And ſate as Princes, whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Auſonian* Land
Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the Cryſtal Battlements; from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's day; and with the ſetting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th'*Ægean* Iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he ſcape
By all his Engins, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in Hell.
Mean while the winged Heralds by command
Of Sov'reign power, with awfull Ceremony
And Trumpets ſound throughout the Hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn Council forthwith to be held
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capitol
Of Satan and his Peers: their ſummons call'd
From every Band and ſquared Regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds and with thouſands trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And Porches wide, but chief the ſpatious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defi'd the beſt of *Panim* Chivalry
To mortal Combat or carriere with Lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Bruſht with the hiſs of ruſling wings. As Bees

In

In ſpring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the Hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed Plank,
The Suburb of their Straw-built Cittadel,
New rub'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were ſtraitn'd; till the Signal giv'n.
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs Earth's Giant Sons
Now leſs than ſmalleſt Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that Pigmean Race
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faery Elves,
Whoſe midnight Revels, by a Foreſt ſide
Or Fountain ſome belated Peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitreſs, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale courſe, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund Muſick charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill amidſt the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſate
A thouſand Demy-Gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The End of the Firſt Book.

M Burgesse sculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conſultation begun, Satan *debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: ſome adviſe it, others diſſuade: A third propoſal is preferr'd, mention'd before by* Satan, *to ſearch the truth of that Prophecy or Tradition in Heaven concerning another World, and another kind of Creature equal or not much inferiour to themſelves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch:* Satan *their chief undertakes alone the Voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral ways and to ſeveral imployments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till* Satan *return. He paſſes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and diſcover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through directed by* Chaos, *the Power of that place, to the ſight of this new World which he ſought.*

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outſhone the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Showrs on her Kings *Barbarick* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted ſate, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue

Vain

Vain War with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſt and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial vertues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate:
Me though juſt right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did firſt create your Leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in Council or in Fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſht in a ſafe unenvied Throne
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferiour; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Formoſt to ſtand againſt the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From Faction; for none ſure will claim in Hell
Precedence, none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,

Whether

Whether of open War or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength, and rather than be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worſe
He reck'd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.

My ſentence is for open War: of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in Arms and longing wait
The Signal to aſcend, ſit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of ſhame,
The Priſon of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather chuſe
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O'er Heav'ns high Towrs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Againſt the Torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his Almighty Engine he ſhall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning ſee
Black fire and horrour ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it ſelf
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.

Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetfull Lake benumn not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rere
Inſulting and purſu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſie then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
To our deſtruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd: what can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end
The Vaſſals of his anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to Penance? More deſtroy'd than thus
We ſhould be quite aboliſht and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential, happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed Divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power ſufficient to diſturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To leſs than Gods. On th' other ſide up roſe
Belial, in act more gracefull and humane;
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt Counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and ſlothfull: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.

I ſhould be much for open War, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate War,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs:
When he who moſt excells in fact of Arms,
In what he counſels and in what excells
Miſtruſtfull, grounds his courage on deſpair
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
With Armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their Legions, or with obſcure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning ſurprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt Inſurrection, to confound
Heav'ns pureſt Light, yet our great Enemy

All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of ſtain would ſoon expell
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
Th' Almighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure,
To be no more; ſad cure; for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through Eternity;
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever; how he can
Is doubtfull; that he never will is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel War, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in Arms;
What when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtruck
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and beſought
The Deep to ſhelter us; this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindl'd thoſe grim fires
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſevenfold rage

And

And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrours, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery Tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the ſport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever ſunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from Heav'ns height
All theſe our motions vain, ſees and derides;
Not more Almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe Torments? better theſe than worſe
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,
The Victor's will. To ſuffer, as to doe,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the Law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: This was at firſt reſolv'd
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtfull what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear

What

What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfi'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlack'n, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horrour will grow mild, this darkneſs light,
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to our ſelves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reaſons garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peacefull ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* ſpake.

Either to diſinthrone the King of Heav'n
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: him to unthrone we then
May hope when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound, unleſs Heav'ns Lord ſupreme
We overpower? Suppoſe he ſhould relent

And

And publiſh Grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he Lordly ſits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his Altar breathes
Ambroſial Odours and Ambroſial Flowers,
Our ſervile offerings. This muſt be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how weariſome
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then purſue
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage, but rather ſeek
Our own good from our ſelves, and from our own
Live to our ſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſie yoke
Of ſervile Pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſefull of hurtfull, proſperous of adverſe
We can create, and in what place ſoe'er
Thrive under evil, and work eaſe out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Chuſe to reſide, his Glory unobſcur'd,
And with the Majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſart ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, Gems and Gold;

Nor

Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhew more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our Elements, theſe piercing Fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peacefull Counſels, and the ſettl'd State
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of War: Ye have what I adviſe.

He ſcarce had finiſht, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' Aſſembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The ſound of bluſtering winds, which all night long
Had rouz'd the Sea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'erwatcht, whoſe Bark by chance
Or Pinnace Anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempeſt: Such applauſe was heard
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: For ſuch another Field
They dreaded worſe than Hell: So much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether Empire, which might riſe
By policy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heav'n.
Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd than, whom,
Satan except, none higher ſate, with grave
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation ſate and publick care;
And Princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,

Majeſtick

Majeſtick though in ruine: Sage he ſtood
With *Atlantean* ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt Monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-ſpring of Heav'n,
Ethereal Vertues; or theſe Titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtyle be call'd
Princes of Hell? For ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire; doubtleſs; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'ns high juriſdiction, in new League
Banded againſt his Throne, but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: For he, be ſure
In height or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His Empire, and with Iron Sceptre rule
Us here, as with his Golden thoſe in Heav'n.
What ſit we then projecting Peace and War?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,

Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoyce
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or Siege,
Or ambuſh from the Deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetick fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That ſhook Heav'ns whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or ſubſtance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſubtilty: Though Heav'n be ſhut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lie expos'd
The utmoſt border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with Hell fire
To waſte his whole Creation, or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In

In our Confuſion, and our Joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling Sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Their frail Original, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*
Pleaded his deviliſh Counſel, firſt devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the Authour of all ill could ſpring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creatour? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpight of Fate,
Nearer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
And opportune excurſion we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild Zone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'ns fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious Air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive Fires
Shall breathe her balme. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world, whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wandring feet

The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyſs
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, e'er he arrive
The happy Iſle; what ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumſpection, and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.

This ſaid, he ſate; and expectation held
His look ſuſpence, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: But all ſate mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay
Aſtoniſht: None among the choice and prime
Of thoſe Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
So hardy as to profer or accept
Alone the dreadfull voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seis'd us, though undiſmay'd: Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our priſon ſtrong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant

Barr'd

Barr'd over us prohibit all egreſs.
Theſe paſt, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him leſs
Than unknown dangers and as hard eſcape?
But I ſhould ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'reignty, adorn'd
With ſplendour, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of publick moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I aſſume
Theſe Royalties, and not refuſe to Reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more as he above the reſt
High honour'd ſits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terrour of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To reſpite or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill Manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakefull Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: This enterprize
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent leſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;

And

And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th'adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe;
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awfull reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the higheſt in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loſe all their vertue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſht o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtfull Conſultations dark
Ended rejoycing in their matchleſs Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Aſcending, while the North-wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'ns chearfull face, the lowring Element
Scowls o'er the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or ſhowre;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell ſweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men onely diſagree
Of Creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the Earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,

That

That day and night for his deſtruction wait.

The *Stygian* Council thus diſſolv'd, and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers,
Midſt came their mighty Paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' Antagoniſt of Heav'n, nor leſs
Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp ſupreme,
And Godlike imitated State; him round
A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent Arms.
Then of their Seſſion ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Toward the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubims
Put to their mouths the ſounding Alchymie
By Heralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the Hoſt of Hell
With deafning ſhout, return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air ſublime
Upon the wing, or in ſwift Race contend,
As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or ſhun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies ruſh
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Prick forth the Airy Knights, and couch their Spears
Till thickeſt Legions cloſe; with feats of Arms

From

From either end of Heav'n the Welkin burns.
Others with vaſt *Typhœan* rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* Crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots *Theſſalian* Pines,
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
Into th' *Euboick* Sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Their own Heroick deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
Free Vertue ſhould enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their Song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it leſs when Spirits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Senſe,)
Others apart ſate on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and Apathy, and glory and ſhame,
Vain wiſedom all, and falſe Philoſophy:
Yet with a pleaſing ſorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breaſt
With ſtubborn patience as with tripple ſteel.
Another part in Squadrons and groſs Bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide

That

That diſmal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that diſgorge
Into the burning Lake their balefull ſtreams;
Abhorred *Styx* the floud of deadly hate,
Sad *Acheron* of ſorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rufull ſtream; fierce *Phlegeton*
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rouls
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this floud a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruine ſeems
Of ancient pile; all elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
'Twixt *Damiata* and mount *Caſius* old,
Where Armies whole have ſunk: the parching Air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to ſtarve in Ice
Their ſoft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,

And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink;
But fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with *Gorgonian* terrour guards
The Ford, and of it ſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus.* Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn th' adventrous Bands
With ſhuddring horrour pale, and eyes agaſt
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through may a dark and dreary Vale
They paſs'd, and many a Region dolorous,
O'er many a Frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens and ſhades of death,
A Univerſe of death, which God by curſe
Created evil, for evil onely good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adverſary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſome times
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the Deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery Concave towring high.
As when far off at Sea a Fleet deſcry'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
Cloſe ſailing from *Bengala*, or the Iſles

Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Their ſpicy Drugs: they on the Trading Floud
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly toward the Pole. So ſeem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend: at laſt appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Braſs,
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the Gates there ſate
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd Woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fould
Voluminous and vaſt, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceaſing bark'd,
With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If aught diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe *Trinacrian* ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the Air ſhe comes
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant bloud, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd, that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joynt or limb,
Or ſubſtance might be call'd, that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadfull Dart; what ſeem'd his head

The likeneſs of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The Monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valu'd he nor ſhun'd;
And with diſdainfull look thus firſt began:

Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he,
Who firſt broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons
Conjur'd againſt the higheſt, for which both thou
And they outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte Eternal days in woe and pain?
And reck'nſt thou thy ſelf with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings,
Leſt with a whip of Scorpions I purſue
Thy lingring, or with one ſtroke of this Dart
Strange horrour ſeize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So

So ſpake the griefly terrour, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadfull and deform: on th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* ſtood
Unterrified, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes Peſtilence and War. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend, and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come ratling on
Over the *Caſpian*, then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till Winds the ſignal blow
To joyn their dark Encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snaky Sorcereſs that ſate
Faſt by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy onely Son? What fury, O Son,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal Dart
Againſt thy Father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e'er his wrath, which he calls Juſtice, bids,
His wrath which one day will deſtroy you both.

She ſpake, and at the words the helliſh Peſt
Forbore, then theſe to her *Satan* return'd:

So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd and why
In this infernal vale firſt met thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that Fantaſm call'ſt my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portreſs of Hell Gate reply'd;
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul, once deem'd ſo fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'ns King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' Hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd affraid
At firſt, call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive Graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly who full oft
Thy ſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt

With

With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while War aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heav'n, down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this powerfull Key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe Gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my op'ning. Penſive here I ſate
Alone, but long I ſate not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown
Prodigious motion felt and ruefull throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal Dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and ſigh'd
From all her Caves, and back reſounded *Death.*
I fled, but he purſu'd (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling Monſters that with ceaſleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſawſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me, for when they liſt into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw

My

My Bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
A freſh with conſcious terrours vex me round,
That reſt, or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who ſets them on,
And me his Parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forwarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.

She finiſh'd, and the ſubtile Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here ſhewſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeſeen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Hoaſt
Of Spirits that in our juſt pretenſes arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from whom I go
This uncouth errand ſole, and one for all
My ſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wandring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and by concurring ſigns, e'er now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs

In

In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart Creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Leſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught
Than this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring you to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grin'd horrible a gaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoyc'd
His Mother bad, and thus beſpake her Sire.

The Key of this infernal Pit by due,
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerfull King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe Adamantine Gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living wight.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To ſit in hatefull Office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and Heav'nly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrours and with clamours compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my Father, thou my Authour, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey

But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal Key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And towards the Gate rouling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her ſelf not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of maſſie Iron or ſolid Rock with eaſe
Unfaſt'ns: On a ſudden op'n fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh Thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of *Erebus.* She op'nd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her power; the Gates wide op'n ſtood,
That with extended wings a Banner'd Hoſt
Under ſpread Enſigns marching might paſs through
With Horſe and Chariots rankt in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a Furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoak and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth and height,
And time and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And *Chaos*, Anceſtours of Nature, hold
Eternal *Anarchy*, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs Wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four Champions fierce

Strive

Strive here for Maſt'ry, and to Battel bring
Their embryon Atoms; they around the flag
Of each his Faction, in their ſeveral Clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, un-numbred as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene*'s torrid ſoil,
Levi'd to ſide with warring Winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more imbroils the fray
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyſs,
The Womb of Nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wild Abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and lookt a while,
Pond'ring his Voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with ſmall) than when *Bellona* ſtorms,
With all her battering Engines bent to raſe
Some Capital City; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe Elements
In mutiny had from her Axle torn
The ſtedfaſt Earth. At laſt his Sail-broad Vanns
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair aſcending rides
Audacious, but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares

Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud
Inſtinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quencht in a Boggy *Syrtis*, neither Sea
Nor good dry Land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behooves him now both Oar and Sail.
As when a Gryphon through the Wilderneſs
With winged courſe o'er Hill or moary Dale,
Purſues the *Arimaſpian*, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakefull cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet, purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds and voices all confus'd
Born through the hollow dark aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or Spirit of the nethermoſt Abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to ask
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bordering on light; when ſtrait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſtefull Deep; with him Enthron'd
Sate Sable-veſted *Night*, eldeſt of things,
The Conſort of his Reign; and by them ſtood
Orchus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon*; *Rumor* next and *Chance*,
And *Tumult* and *Confuſion* all imbroil'd

And

And *Diſcord* with a thouſand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermoſt Abyſs,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your Realm, but by conſtraint
Wandring this darkſom Deſart, as my way,
Lies through your ſpatious Empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if ſome other place
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my courſe;
Directed no mean recompenſe it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs and your ſway
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night*;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel who of late
Made head againſt Heav'ns King, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a numerous Hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruine upon ruine, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'n Gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands
Purſuing. I upon my Frontiers here

Keep

Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve,
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroacht on ſtill through our inteſtine broils
Weakning the Sceptre of old *Night:* firſt Hell
Your dungeon ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung o'er my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havock and ſpoil and ruine are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* ſtaid not to reply,
But glad that now his Sea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting Elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd wins his way; harder beſet
And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* paſs'd
Through *Boſporus* betwixt the juſtling Rocks:
Or when *Ulyſſes* on the Larbord ſhun'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once paſt, ſoon after when men fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over the dark Abyſs, whoſe boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmoſt Orbe
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverſe
With eaſie intercourſe paſs to and fro

To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn; here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and *Chaos* to retire
As from her outmoſt works a brok'n foe
With tumult leſs and with leſs hoſtile din,
That *Satan* with leſs toil, and now with eaſe
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Veſſel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling Air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leaſure to behold
Far off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round.
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigneſs as a Star
Of ſmalleſt Magnitude, cloſe by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurſt, and in a curſed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

Medina inven. *MBurg. sculp.*

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God ſitting on his Throne ſees Satan *flying towards this World then newly created; ſhews him to the Son who ſate at his right hand; foretells the ſucceſs of* Satan *in perverting Mankind; clears his own Juſtice and Wiſedom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withſtood his Tempter; yet declares his purpoſe of Grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did* Satan, *but by him ſeduc'd. The Son of God renders praiſes to his Father for the manifeſtation of his gratious purpoſe towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the ſatisfaction of Divine Juſtice; Man hath offended the Majeſty of God by aſpiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death muſt die, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer for his offence, and undergo his Puniſhment. The Son of God freely offers himſelf a Ranſom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his Incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Choire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while* Satan *alights upon the bare Convex of this Worlds outermoſt Orb; where wandring he firſt finds a place ſince call'd The Lymbo of Vanity; what perſons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His paſſage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there* Uriel *the Regent of that Orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new Creation*

and Man whom God had plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights firſt on Mount Niphates.

HAil holy Light, ofspring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is light
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright Effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure Ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe Fountain who ſhall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God as with a Mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs born
With other notes than to th' *Orphean* Lyre
I ſung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare: thee I re-viſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital Lamp; but thou
Re-viſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quencht their Orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander where the Muſes haunt
Clear Spring, or ſhady Grove, or Sunny Hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred Song; but chief
Thee *Sion* and the flowry Brooks beneath
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,

Nightly

Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
And *Tireſias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakefull Bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or Summers Roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or humane face divine;
But cloud in ſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearfull ways of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a Univerſal blanck
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſedom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou Celeſtial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he ſits
High Thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as Stars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory ſate,
His onely Son; On Earth he firſt beheld

Our two firſt Parents, yet the onely two
Of mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In bliſsfull ſolitude; he then ſurvey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
Coaſting the wall of Heav'n on this ſide Night
In the dun Air ſublime, and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this World, that ſeem'd
Firm Land imboſom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreſeeing ſpake.

Onely begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſary, whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyſs
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert,
For man will hark'n to his glozing lyes,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
He and his faithleſs Progeny: whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? ingrate he had of me

All

All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who ſtood and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs muſt doe, appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When Will and Reaſon (Reaſon alſo is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me. They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Their maker, or their making, or their Fate,
As if Predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute Decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of Fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, Authours to themſelves in all
Both what they judge and what they choſe; for ſo
I form'd them free, and free they muſt remain,
Till they enthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature and revoke the high Decree
Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
By the other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,

The

The other none: in Mercy and Juſtice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glory excell,
But Mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.

Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious, in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd, and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father ſpake.

O Father, gratious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſov'reign ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extoll
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of Hymns and ſacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompas'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man
Thy Creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joyn'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt onely right.
Or ſhall the Adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine, ſhall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy ſelf
Aboliſh thy Creation, and unmake,

For

For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My Word, my Wiſedom, and effectual Might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpoſe hath decreed:
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaft; once more I will renew
His lapſed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinfull ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites: for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoft'n ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conſcience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,

And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high Supremacy of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his Treaſon hath nought left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or Juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav'nly powers, where ſhall we find ſuch love,
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave,
Dwells in all Heaven charity ſo dear?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Choire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n: on Mans behalf
Patron or Interceſſour none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,

The

The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought,
Happy for man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Attonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then, me for him, life for life
I offer, on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſht: thou haſt given me to poſſeſs
Life in my ſelf for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted Soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his deaths wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruine all my Foes,
Death laſt, and with his Carcaſs glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heaven long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which onely ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, or whither tend
Wondring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the onely peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt
Though laſt created, that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole Race loſt.
Thou therefore whom thou onely canſt redeem,
Their Nature alſo to thy Nature joyn;
And be thy ſelf Man among men on Earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of Virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adam*'s room
The Head of all mankind though *Adam*'s Son.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee
As from a ſecond root ſhall be reſtor'd,
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his Sons, thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,

Shall

Shall ſatisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
His Brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
So Heav'nly love ſhall outdoe Helliſh hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what Helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou by deſcending to aſſume
Mans Nature, leſs'n or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A World from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being Good,
Far more than Great or High; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy Manhood alſo to this Throne,
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt Reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal King, all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended glorioufly from Heav'n
Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt Ages to the general Doom

Shall haſt'n, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy Saints aſſembl'd, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The World ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitfull of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy Regal Scepter ſhalt lay by,
For Regal Sceptre then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but ſoon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft ſhading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliſs through midſt of Heav'n
Rowls o'er *Elyſian* Flours her Amber ſtream;
With theſe that never fade the Spirits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,

Now

Now in looſe Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jaſper ſhone
Impurpled with Celeſtial Roſes ſmil'd.
Then Crown'd again their gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred Song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joyn
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heav'n.

Thee, Father, firſt they ſung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King, thee Authour of all being,
Fountain of light, thy ſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they ſang of all Creation firſt,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' Almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no Creature can behold; on thee
Impreſſt the effulgence of his Glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit reſts.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Powers therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aſpiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Fathers dreadfull Thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that ſhook

Heav'ns

Heav'ns everlaſting Frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels diſarray'd.
Back from purſuit thy Powers with loud acclaim
Thee onely extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not ſo on Man; him through their malice fall'n,
Father of Mercy and Grace, thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity encline:
No ſooner did thy dear and onely Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity enclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of Mercy and Juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the Bliſs wherein he ſate
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For man's offence. O unexampl'd love,
Love no where to be found leſs than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never ſhall my Harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoyn.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the ſtarry Sphear,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferiour Orbs, enclos'd
From *Chaos* and th'inroad of Darkneſs old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe far off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs Continent
Dark, waſte and wild, under the frown of Night
Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threatning ſtorms
Of *Chaos* bluſtring round, inclement Sky,
Save on that ſide which from the wall of Heav'n

Though

Though diſtant far ſome ſmall reflexion gains
Of glimmering air leſs vext with tempeſt loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in ſpacious field.
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
Whoſe ſnowy ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
Diſlodging from a Region ſcarce of prey
To gorge the fleſh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaſpes*, *Indian* ſtreams;
But in his way lights on the barren Plains
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineſes* drive
With Sails and Wind their Cany Waggons light:
So on this windy Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveleſs to be found was none,
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the Earth
Up hither like aereal vapours flew
Of all things tranſitory and vain, when Sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of Glory or laſting fame,
Or happineſs in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painfull Superſtition and blind Zeal,
Nought ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccompliſht works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mixt,
Diſſolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent Fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated Saints, or middle ſpirits hold

Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kind:
Hither of ill-joyn'd Sons and Daughters born
Firſt from the ancient World thoſe Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and ſtill with vain deſign
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
Empedocles, and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremits and Friars
White, Black and Grey, with all their trumpery.
Here Pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominick*,
Or in *Franciſcan* think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the Planets ſeven, and paſs the fixt,
And that Cryſtalline Sphere whoſe balance weighs
The Trepidation talkt, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket ſeems
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'ns aſcent they lift their Feet, when loe
A violent croſs wind from either Coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe ten thouſand Leagues awry
Into the devious Air; then might ye ſee
Cowls, Hoods and Habits with their wearers toſt
And flutter'd into Rags, then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Diſpenſes, Pardons, Bulls,
The ſport of Winds: all theſe upwhirld aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the World far off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, ſince call'd

The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travell'd ſteps; far diſtant he deſcries
Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a ſtructure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of Kingly Palace Gate
With Frontiſpiece of a Diamond and Gold
Imbelliſht, thick with ſparkling orient Gems
The Portal ſhone, inimitable on Earth
By Model, or by ſhading Pencil drawn.
The Stairs were ſuch as whereon *Jacob* ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Eſau* fled
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cry'd, *This is the Gate of Heav'n:*
Each Stair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
Of Jaſper, or of liquid Pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth, ſailing arriv'd,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the Lake
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by eaſie aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the doors of Bliſs.
Direct againſt which op'nd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsfull ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' Earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times

Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
Over the *promis'd Land* to God ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy Tribes,
On high beheſts his Angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* floud
To *Beerſaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* ſhore;
So wide the op'ning ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower Stair
That ſcal'd by ſteps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and deſart ways with peril gone
All night; at laſt by break of chearfull dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign Land
Firſt-ſeen, or ſome renown'd Metropolis
With gliſtering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the Riſing Sun gilds with his beams.
Such wonder ſeis'd, though after Heaven ſeen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy ſeis'd
At ſight of all this World beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys, and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling Canopy
Of Nights extended ſhade; from Eaſtern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecy Star that bears
Andromeda far off *Atlantick* Seas
Beyond the *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the Worlds firſt Region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe

Through

Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable Stars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they ſeem'd, or happy Iſles,
Like thoſe *Heſperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flowry Vales,
Thrice happy Iſles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtayd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in ſplendour likeſt Heaven
Allur'd his eye: Thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm Firmament; but up or down
By centre, or eccentrick, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminary
Aloof the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his Lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their Starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, towards his all-chearing Lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his Magnetick beam, that gently warms
The Univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue even to the deep,
So wondrouſly was ſet his Station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the Sun's lucent Orb
Through his glaz'd Optick Tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
If metal, part ſeem'd Gold, part Silver clear;
If ſtone, Carbuncle moſt or Chryſolite,
Ruby or Topaz, to the Twelve that ſhone

In *Aaron's* Breaſt-plate, and a ſtone beſides
Imagin'd rather oft than elſewhere ſeen,
That ſtone, or like to that which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by their powerfull Art they bind
Volatile *Hermes*, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old *Proteus* from the Sea
Drain'd through a Limbeck to his Native form.
What wonder then if Fields and Regions here
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' Arch-Chimick Sun ſo far from us remote
Produces with Terreſtrial Humour mixt
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl'd, far and wide his eye commands,
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all Sun-ſhine, as when his Beams at Noon
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' Air,
No where ſo clear, ſharpn'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel ſtand,
The ſame whom *John* ſaw alſo in the Sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny Rays, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor leſs his Locks behind
Illuſtrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandring flight

To Paradiſe the happy ſeat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd Celeſtial, and to every Limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd;
Under a Coronet his flowing hair
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume ſprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a Silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
E'er he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſht by his ear, and ſtreight was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the ſev'n
Who in Gods preſence, neareſt to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,
O'er Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accoſts;

Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſev'n Spirits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high Throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentick will
Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his Sons thy Embaſſy attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
To viſit oft this new Creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man
His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All

All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the Choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brighteſt Seraph tell
In which of all theſe ſhining Orbs hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining Orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creatour hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driven out his Rebel Foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happy Race of Men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.

So ſpake the falſe Diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern
Hypocriſie, the onely evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft, though wiſedom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſedom's Gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems; Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun and held
The ſharpeſt ſighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impoſtour foul
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy deſire which tends to know
The works of God thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe

The

The more it ſeems exceſs that led thee hither
From thy Empyreal Manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report hear onely in Heav'n:
For wonderfull indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſedom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep?
I ſaw when at his word the formleſs Maſs,
This worlds material mold, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Floud, Air, Fire,
And this Ethereal quinteſſence of Heav'n
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe,
The reſt in circuit walls this Univerſe.
Look downward on that Globe whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is Earth the ſeat of Man, that light
His day, which elſe as th' other Hemiſphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that oppoſite fair Star) her aid
Timely interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid Heav'n;
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,

And

And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is *Paradiſe*,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his Bowr.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.

Thus ſaid, he turn'd, and *Satan* bowing low,
As to ſuperiour Spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave and toward the coaſt of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptick, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an Airy weele,
Nor ſtaid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

B. Lens Senior invent: *P. P. Bouche Sculpsit.*

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan *now in proſpect of* Eden, *and nigh the place where he muſt now attempt the bold enterpriſe which he undertook alone againſt God and Man, falls into many doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions, fear, envy and deſpair; but at length confirms himſelf in evil, journeys on to Paradiſe, whoſe outward proſpect and ſituation is deſcribed, overleaps the bounds, ſits in the ſhape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as higheſt in the Garden to look about him. The Garden deſcrib'd;* Satan's *firſt ſight of* Adam *and* Eve; *his wonder at their excellent form and happy ſtate, but with reſolution to work their fall; over-hears their diſcourſe, thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his Temptation, by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then leaves them a while, to know farther of their ſtate by ſome other means. Mean while* Uriel *deſcending on a Sun-beam warns* Gabriel, *who had in charge the Gate of Paradiſe, that ſome evil Spirit had eſcap'd the Deep, and paſt at Noon by his Sphere in the ſhape of a good Angel down to Paradiſe, diſcover'd after by his furious geſtures in the Mount.* Gabriel *promiſes to find him e'er Morning. Night coming on,* Adam *and* Eve, *diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their Bower deſcrib'd; their Evening worſhip.* Gabriel *drawing forth his Bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong Angels to* Adam's *Bower, leſt the evil Spirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to* Adam *or* Eve *ſleeping; there they find him at the ear of* Eve, *tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though un-*

willing, to Gabriel; *by whom queſtion'd, he ſcornfully anſwers, prepares reſiſtance, but hinder'd by a Sign from* Heaven, *flies out of Paradiſe.*

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' *Apocalypſe*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to the Inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt-Parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare; for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down
The Tempter e'er th' Accuſer of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his ſpeed, though bold,
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh Engine back recoils
Upon himſelf; horrour and doubt diſtract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The Hell within him, for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One ſtep no more than from himſelf can fly
By change of place: Now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumbred, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun;
Which now ſate high in his Meridian Tower:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou

O thou that with ſurpaſſing Glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whoſe ſight all the Stars
Hide their diminiſht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphear;
Till Pride and worſe Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'ns matchleſs King:
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice lifted up ſo high
I'ſdein'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome ſtill paying ſtill to owe;
Forgetfull what from him I ſtill received,
And underſtood not that a gratefull mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burthen then?
O had his powerfull Deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferiour Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhak'n, from within

Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free Will and Power to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what to accuſe,
But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurſt, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I flie
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I flie is Hell; my ſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan;
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Sceptre high advanc'd
The lower ſtill I fall, onely Supreme
In miſery; ſuch joy Ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent and could obtain
By Act of Grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow

Where

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farewell Hope, and with Hope farewell Fear,
Farewell Remorſe: all Good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my Good; by thee at leaſt
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man e'er long, and this new World ſhall know.

Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and deſpair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betraid
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Aſſyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes,

Of

Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her encloſure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the Ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade a woody Theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous Wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general Sire gave proſpect large
Into his nether Empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt Trees loaden with faireſt Fruit,
Bloſſoms and Fruits at once a golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath ſhowr'd the Earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are paſt
Mozambick, off at Sea North-Eaſt winds blow
Sabean Odours from the ſpicy ſhoar
Of *Arabie* the bleſt, with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a League
Chear'd with the gratefull ſmell old Ocean ſmiles.

So

So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than *Aſmodeus* with the fiſhy fume,
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouſe
Of *Tobit's* Son, and with a vengeance ſent
From *Media* poſt to *Ægypt*, there faſt bound.

Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage Hill
Satan had journied on, penſive and ſlow;
But farther way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplext
All path of Man or Beaſt that paſt that way:
One Gate there onely was, and that look'd Eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-felon ſaw
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high over leapt all bound
Of Hill or higheſt Wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve
In hurdl'd Coats amid the fi.ld ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the Fold:
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the caſh
Of ſome rich Burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So clomb this firſt grand Thief into God's fold:
So ſince into his Church lewd Hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life
The middle Tree and higheſt there that grew,
Sate like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
Thereby regain'd, but ſate deviſing Death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought

Of

Of that life-giving Plant, but onely us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of humane ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth; for bliſsfull Paradiſe
Of God the Garden was, by him in th' Eaſt
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* ſtretch'd her Line
From *Auran* Eaſtward to the Royal Towrs
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telaſſar:* In this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant Garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the Tree of Life
High eminent, blooming Ambroſial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing Ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirſt up drawn
Roſe a freſh Fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the Garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the neather Floud,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,

And

And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realm
And Countrey whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the criſped Brooks,
Rolling on Orient Pearl and ſands of Gold,
With mazy errour under pendant ſhades
Ran Nectar, viſiting each plant and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradiſe which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on Hill, and Dale, and Plain,
Both where the morning Sun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbroun'd the noontide Bowers: thus was this place,
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm,
Others whoſe fruit burniſht with Golden Rind
Hung amiable, *Heſperian* Fables true,
If true, here onely, and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs and Flocks
Graſing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmie hillock, or the flowry lap
Of ſome irriguous Valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flowers of all hue, and without Thorn the Roſe:
Another ſide, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling Vine
Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſperſt, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,
Her cryſtal mirrour holds, unite their ſtreams.
The Birds their Choir apply; Airs, vernal Airs,
Breathing the ſmell of Field and Grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Univerſal *Pan*

Knit with the *Graces* and the Hours in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of *Enna*, where *Proſerpine* gathering flowers
Her ſelf a fairer Flower by gloomy *Dis*
Was gather'd, which coſt *Ceres* all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet Grove
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian Spring, might with this Paradiſe
Of *Eden* ſtrive; nor that *Nyſeian* Iſle
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian Jove*,
Hid *Amalthea* and her florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea*'s eye;
Nor where *Abaſſin* Kings their iſſue Guard,
Mount *Amara*, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with ſhining Rock,
A whole days journey high, but wide remote
From this *Aſſyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to ſight and ſtrange:
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
In naked Majeſty ſeem'd Lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd, for in their looks Divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, Wiſedom, Sanctitude ſevere and pure,
Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd;
Whence true autority in men; though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd,
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive Grace,
He for God onely, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large Front and Eye ſublime declar'd

Abſo-

Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthine Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad.
She as a veil down to the ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of Nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With ſhews inſtead, mere ſhews of ſeeming pure,
And baniſht from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity and ſpotleſs innocence.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His Sons, the faireſt of her Daughters *Eve*.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſpering ſoft, by a freſh Fountain ſide
They ſate them down, and after no more toil
Of their ſweet Gardning labour than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool *Zephir*, and made eaſe
More eaſie, wholeſom thirſt and appetite
More gratefull, to their Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſate recline
On the ſoft downy Bank damaskt with flowrs:

The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthfull dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, linkt in happy nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All Beaſts of th' Earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In Wood or Wilderneſs, Foreſt or Den;
Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygres, Ounces, Pards,
Gambol'd before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe Proboſcis; cloſe the Serpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Coucht, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſate,
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone carriere
To th' Ocean Iſles, and in th' aſcending Scale
Of Heav'n the Stars that uſher Evening roſe:
When *Satan* ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferiour; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them Divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights

Will

Will vaniſh and deliver you to woe,
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your Heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pity thus forlorn
Though I unpitied; League with you I ſeek,
And mutual amity ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or ye with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe, yet ſuch
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt Gates,
And ſend forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits to receive
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd,
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet publick reaſon juſt,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new World, compells me now
To doe what elſe though damn'd I ſhould abhor.

So ſpake the Fiend, and with neceſſity,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the ſportfull Herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn

By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare,
Then as a Tygre, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome Purlieu two gentle Fawns at play,
Streight couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeize them both
Grip'd in each paw: When *Adam* firſt of men
To firſt of women *Eve* thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys,
Dearer thy ſelf than all; needs muſt the power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the duſt and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that onely Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So near grows Death to Life, what e'er Death is,
Some dreadfull thing no doubt; for well thou knowſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that Tree
The onely ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, Air and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſie prohibition, who enjoy

Free

Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extoll
His bounty, following our delightfull task
To prune theſe growing Plants, and tend theſe Flowrs,
Which were it toilſom, yet with thee were ſweet.

To whom thus *Eve* reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thy ſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found my ſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade of flowers, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murmuring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a Cave and ſpread
Into a liquid Plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that to me ſeem'd another Skie.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite,
A Shape within the watry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me, I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back, but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſwering looks
Of ſympathy and love; there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire

Had

Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thy ſelf,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft imbraces, he
Whoſe image thou art, him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thy ſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of humane Race: What could I doe,
But follow ſtreight, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image; back I turn'd,
Thou following cryd'ſt aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart
Subſtantial Life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my Soul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other ſelf: with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſedom, which alone is truly fair.

So ſpake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half imbracing lean'd
On our firſt Father, half her ſwelling Breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her Beauty and ſubmiſſive Charms
Smil'd with ſuperiour Love, as *Jupiter*

On

On *Juno* ſmiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That ſhed *May* Flowers; and preſs'd her Matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.

Sight hatefull, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one anothers arms
The happier *Eden*, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs, while I to Hell am thruſt
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths; all is not theirs it ſeems:
One fatal Tree there ſtands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: Knowledge forbidd'n?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely ſtand
By Ignorance, is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruine! Hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This Garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw

What farther would be learnt. Live while ye may.
Yet happy pair enjoy till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.

So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornfull turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt Longitude, where Heav'n
With Earth and Ocean meets, the ſetting Sun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the Eaſtern Gate of Paradiſe
Level'd his evening Rays: It was a Rock
Of Alabaſter, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from Earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky Pillars *Gabriel* ſate,
Chief of th' Angelick Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroick Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial Armourie, Shields, Helms and Spears,
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Even
On a Sun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting Star
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impreſs the Air, and ſhews the Mariner
From what point of his Compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: He thus began in haſte.

Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by Lot hath giv'n
Charge and ſtrict watch that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in;
This day at height of Noon came to my Sphere

A Spirit,

A ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd to know
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man
God's lateſt Image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his Airy Gate;
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſu'd him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him; one of the baniſht crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou ſitſt,
See far and wide: in at this Gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince Meridian hour
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other ſort,
So minded have o'erleapt theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou knowſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.

So promis'd he, and *Uriel* to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this leſs voluble Earth
By ſhorter flight to th' Eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold

The Clouds that on his Weſtern Throne attend:
Now came ſtill Evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her ſober Livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beaſt and Bird,
They to their graſſie Couch, theſe to their Neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakefull Nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: *Heſperus* that led
The ſtarry Hoaſt, rode brighteſt, till the Moon
Riſing in clouded Majeſty, at length
Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive, and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other Animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow e'er freſh Morning ſtreak the Eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be ris'n,
And at our pleaſant labour, to reform
Yon flowry Arbours, yonder Allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:

Thoſe

Thoſe Bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping Gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us reſt.

To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My Authour and Diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey; ſo God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
Is Woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun
When firſt on this delightfull Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower,
Gliſtring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of gratefull Evening mild, then ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt Birds, nor riſing Sun
On this delightfull Land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Gliſtring with dew, nor fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor gratefull Evening mild, nor ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe, for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?

To whom our general Anceſtour replied.
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſht *Eve*,
Thoſe have their courſe to finiſh, round the Earth,

By

By morrow Evening, and from Land to Land
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by Night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In Nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not onely enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent Ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want ſpectatours, God want praiſe;
Millions of ſpiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note
Singing their great Creatour? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonick number joyn'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsfull Bower; it was a place
Chos'n by th' ſov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightfull uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew

Of

Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, Roſes and Geſſamin
Rear'd high their flouriſht heads between, and wrought
Moſaick; under foot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt Emblem: other Creature here
Beaſt, Bird, Inſect or Worm durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In ſhady Bower
More ſacred and ſequeſtred, though but feign'd,
Pan or *Sylvanus* never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* hunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With Flowers, Garlands and ſweet-ſmelling Herbs
Eſpouſed *Eve* deckt firſt her nuptial Bed,
And Heav'nly Choirs the Hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than *Pandora*, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to the unwiſer Son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole *Jove*'s authentick fire.

Thus at their ſhady Lodge arriv'd, both ſtood
Both turn'd, and under open Sky ador'd
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth and Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moon's reſplendent Globe
And ſtarry Pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imploy'd
Have finiſht happy in our mutual help

And

And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who ſhall with us extoll
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

This ſaid unanimous, and other Rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt Bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid, nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair Spouſe, nor *Eve* the Rites
Myſterious of connubial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites auſteerly talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe, who bids abſtain
But our deſtroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded Love, myſterious Law, true ſource
Of humane offſpring, ſole propriety,
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adulterous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range, by thee
Founded in Reaſon, Loyal, Juſt and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son and Brother firſt were known,
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domeſtick ſweets,

Whoſe

Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent or paſt, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts imploys, here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenate, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe lull'd by Nightingales imbracing ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flowry roof
Show'rd Roſes, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſt pair; and O yet happieſt if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.

Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy Cone
Half way up Hill this vaſt ſublunar Vault,
And from their Ivory Port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour ſtood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike Parade,
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus ſpake.

Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the South
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full Weſt. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtile Spirits he call'd
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this Garden, leave unſearcht no nook,
But chiefly where thoſe two fair Creatures Lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep ſecure of harm.

This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of ſome infernal Spirit ſeen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, ſeize faſt, and hither bring.

So ſaying, on he led his radiant Files,
Dazling the Moon; theſe to the Bower direct
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found
Squat like a Toad, cloſe at the ear of *Eve*;
Aſſaying by his Deviliſh art to reach
The Organs of her Fancy, and with them forge
Illuſions as he liſt, Phantaſms and Dreams,
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal Spirits that from pure bloud ariſe
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſhood can endure
Touch of Celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcover'd and ſurpriz'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun ſome Magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumour'd War, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair Angels half amaz'd
So ſudden to behold the griſly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.

Which of thoſe rebel Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon, and transform'd,
Why ſat'ſt thou like an enemy in wait
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?

Know ye not then, ſaid *Satan*, fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar;
Not to know me argues your ſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus *Zephon*, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſht brightneſs, to be known
As when thou ſtood'ſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
That Glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee, and thou reſembl'ſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foul.
But come, for thou, beſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.

So ſpake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthfull beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſht the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awfull goodneſs is, and ſaw
Vertue in her ſhape how lovely, ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be wone,

Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid *Zephon* bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can doe
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron joyn'd
Awaiting next command. To whom their Chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded ſplendour wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour ſeems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He ſcarce had ended when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How buſied, in what form and poſture coucht.

To whom with ſtern regard thus *Gabriel* ſpake.
Why haſt thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have power and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploy'd it ſeems to violate ſleep, and thoſe

Whoſe

Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow,
Thou *Gabriel*, hadſt in Heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldſt thy ſelf no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Fartheſt from pain, where thou mightſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon; who knowſt onely good,
But evil haſt not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His Iron Gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in Heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since *Satan* fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who ask what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc'd from his bounds in Hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incur'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and ſcourge that wiſedom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain

Can

Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone; wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled, or thou than they
Leſs hardy to endure? courageous Chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, had'ſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted Hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus anſwer'd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting Angel, well thou knowſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in Battel to thy aid
Thy blaſting vollied Thunder made all ſpeed
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded Spear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithfull Leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd,
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate Abyſs, and ſpy
This new created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To ſettle here on Earth or in mid Air;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his Throne,
And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel ſoon reply'd.
To ſay and ſtreight unſay, pretending firſt

Wiſe

Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the Spy,
Argues no Leader but a Lyar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithfull add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithfull to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your diſcipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite, who now would'ſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervilly ador'd
Heav'ns awfull Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thy ſelf to reign?
But mark what I arread thee now, avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And Seal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facile gates of Hell too ſlightly barr'd.

So threatn'd he, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd:

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherube, but e'er then
Far heavier load thy ſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the Rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he ſpake, th' Angelick Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharpning in Mooned horns

Their

Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the carefull Plowman doubting ſtands
Leſt on the threſhing floor his hopefull ſheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other ſide *Satan* allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
His ſtature reacht the Sky, and on his Creſt
Sate horrour Plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both Spear and Shield: now dreadfull deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor onely Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the Starry Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At leaſt had gone to rack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet ſeen
Betwixt *Aſtrea* and the *Scorpion* Sign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with balanc'd Air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: in theſe he put two weights
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which *Gabriel* ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou knowſt mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then
To boaſt what Arms can doe, ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celeſtial Sign

Where

Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhewn how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

B. de Medina Inu. Burgesse sculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve *relates to* Adam *her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower. God to render Man inexcuſable ſends* Raphael *to admoniſh him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elſe may avail* Adam *to know.* Raphael *comes down to Paradiſe, his appearance deſcrib'd, his coming diſcern'd by* Adam *afar off, ſitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choiceſt fruits of Paradiſe got together by* Eve; *their diſcourſe at Table:* Raphael *performs his meſſage, minds* Adam *of his ſtate and of his enemy; relates at* Adam's *requeſt who that enemy is, and how he came to be ſo, beginning from his firſt revolt in Heaven, and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebell with them, all but onely* Abdiel *a Seraph, who in Argument diſſuades and oppoſes him, then forſakes him.*

NOW Morn her roſie ſteps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with Orient Pearl,
When *Adam* wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd, for his ſleep
Was Airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' onely ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora*'s fan,

Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill Matin Song
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
With Treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breaths,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'ns laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight;
Awake, the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us, we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmy Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid ſweet.

Such whiſpering wak'd her, but with ſtartl'd eye
On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My Glory, my Perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,
Such night till this I never paſs'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrows next deſign,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſom night; methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou *Eve*? now is the pleaſant time,

The

The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the Moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures deſire,
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wondring lookt, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that Tree he alſo gaz'd;
And, O fair Plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arm
He pluck'd, he taſted; me damp horrour chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy ſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it ſeems, as onely fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, ſince good the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,

The Authour not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy Creature, fair Angelick *Eve*,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy ſelf a Goddeſs, not to Earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the Air, as we ſometimes
Aſcend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quickn'd appetite, that I, methought
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outſtretcht immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My Guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
Related, and thus *Adam* anſwer'd ſad.

Beſt Image of my ſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soul
Are many leſſer Faculties that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchfull Senſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, Airy ſhapes

Which

Which Reaſon joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimick Fancy wakes,
To imitate her; but misjoyning ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt Evenings talk, in this thy dream
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to doe.
Be not diſheart'nd then, nor cloud thoſe looks
That wont to be more chearfull and ſerene
Than when fair Morning firſt ſmiles on the World,
And let us to our freſh imployments riſe
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flowrs
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.

So chear'd he his fair Spouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle teer let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other pretious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their Cryſtal ſluice, he e'er they fell
Kiſs'd as the gratious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the Field they haſte.
But firſt from under ſhady arborous roof,

Soon

Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the Sun, who ſcarce up riſen
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide Lantskip all the Eaſt
Of Paradiſe and *Eden*'s happy Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their Oriſons, each Morning duly paid
In various ſtyle, for neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd or ſung,
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in Proſe or numerous Verſe,
More tuneable than needed Lute or Harp
To add more ſweetneſs, and they thus began.

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy ſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe Heavens
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works, yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and Power Divine:
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye Sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with Songs
And choral ſymphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoycing, ye in Heaven,
On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of Stars, laſt in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praiſe him in thy Sphear
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.

Thou

Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and Soul,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high Noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient Sun, now fly'ſt
With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies,
And ye five other wandring Fires that move
In myſtick Dance not without Song, reſound
His praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.
Air, and ye Elements the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things, let your ceaſleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From Hill or ſteaming Lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Authour riſe,
Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe ye Winds that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in ſign of Worſhip wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven Gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe;
Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, Morn or Even,
To Hill or Valley, Fountain or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praiſe.

Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpells the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to their mornings rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flowers; where any row
Of Fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs imbraces: or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable armes, and with her brings
Her dower th' adopted Cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus imploy'd beheld
With pity Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable ſpirit, that deign'd
To travel with *Tobias*, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſeven times-wedded Maid.

Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on Earth
Satan from Hell ſcap'd through the darkſome Gulf
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the humane pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruine all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with *Adam*, in what Bower or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labour with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free

Yet

Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure: tell him withall
His danger, and from whom, what enemy
Late fall'n himſelf from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs;
By violence, no, for that ſhall be withſtood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Leſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſht, unforewarn'd.

So ſpake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All Juſtice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand Celeſtial Ardours, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' Angelick Choirs
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence no Cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glaſs
Of *Galileo*, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidſt the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* firſt appearing kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt Ethereal Sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick Fan

Winnows the buxom Air; till within ſoar
Of towring Eagles, to all the Fowls he ſeems
A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that ſole Bird
When to enſhrine his relicks in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.
At once on th' Eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns
A Seraph wing'd; ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal Ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a Starry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy Gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail
Sky tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Streight knew him all the Bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honour riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glittering Tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsfull field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
And flowring Odours, Caſſia, Nard and Balm;
A Wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above Rule or Art: enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy Foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſate
Of his cool Bower, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid Rays to warm
Earths inmoſt womb, more warmth than *Adam* needs;
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd

For

For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and nor diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haſte hither *Eve*, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe Trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our Gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly ſtranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburth'ning grows
More fruitfull, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.

To whom thus *Eve*, *Adam*, earth's hallow'd mold
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte and from each bough and break,
Each Plant and juicieſt Gourd will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our Angel gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs that here on Earth
God hath diſpenſt his bounties as in Heav'n.

So ſaying, with diſpatchfull looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix

Taſtes,

Taſtes, not well joyn'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change,
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields
In *India* Eaſt or Weſt, or middle Shoar
In *Pontus* or the *Punick* Coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat,
Rough or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or ſhell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the Grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive mouſt, and meaths
From many a berry, and from ſweet kernels preſt
She tempers dulcet creams, nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure, then ſtrews the ground
With Roſe and odours from the ſhrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great Sire, to meet
His God-like gueſt, walks forth without more train
Accompany'd than with his own complete
Perfections, in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when their rich Retinue long
Of Horſes led, and Grooms beſmear'd with Gold
Dazles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
Nearer his preſence *Adam* though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to a ſuperiour Nature, bowing low,

Thus ſaid, Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain,
Since by deſcending from the Thrones above,
Thoſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a while
To want, and honour theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two onely, who yet by ſov'reign gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady Bower

To

To reſt, and what the Garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' Angelick Vertue anſwer'd mild,
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
To viſit thee; lead on then where thy Bower
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till Evening riſe
I have at will. So to the Sylvan Lodge
They came, that like *Pomona*'s Arbour ſmil'd
With flourets deck'd and fragrant ſmells; but *Eve*
Undeckt, ſave with her ſelf more lovely fair
Than Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked ſtrove,
Stood to entertain her gueſt from Heav'n; no veil
She needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Hail*
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt *Mary*, ſecond *Eve*.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whoſe fruitfull Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Than with theſe various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their Table was, and moſſie ſeats had round,
And on her ample Square from ſide to ſide
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt Dinner cool; when thus began
Our Authour. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties which our Nouriſher, from whom

All

All perfect good unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The Earth to yield; unſavoury food perhaps
To ſpiritual Natures; onely this I know,
That one Celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt Spirits be found
No ingratefull food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtain'd and fed; of Elements
The groſſer feeds the pure, Earth the Sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air thoſe Fires
Ethereal, and as loweſt firſt the Moon;
Whence in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
Nor doth the Moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt Continent to higher Orbs.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
Of life ambroſial frutage bear, and Vines
Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
We bruſh mellifluous Dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,

As

As may compare with Heav'n; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſate,
And to their viands fell, nor ſeemingly
The Angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
Of Theologians, but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate; what redounds, tranſpires
Through Spirits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal the Empirick Alchimiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn
Metals of droſſieſt Ore to perfect Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuſe to have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſie
Was underſtood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burthn'd Nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In *Adam*, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above this World, and of their being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whoſe high Power ſo far
Exceeded humane, and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' Empyreal Miniſter he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd

To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'ns high feaſt to have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpirituous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd or nearer tending
Each in their ſeveral active Spheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, laſt the bright conſummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd
To vital Spirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and Underſtanding, whence the Soul
Reaſon receives, and Reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oſteſt yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you
To proper ſubſtance; time may come when men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps

Your

Your bodies may at laſt turn all to Spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whoſe Progeny ye are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of Mankind reply'd,
O favourable Spirit, propitious Gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of Nature ſet
From centre to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant the caution joyn'd, *if ye be found*
Obedient? can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Humane deſires can ſeek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continu'ſt ſuch, owe to thy ſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity,

Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated, ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By Deſtiny, and can no other chuſe?
My ſelf and all th' Angelick Hoaſt that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as ye yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none; freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from Heav'n to deepeſt Hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delightfull ear,
Divine inſtructour, I have heard, than when
Cherubick Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Muſick ſend: nor knew I not
To be both Will and Deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whoſe command
Single, is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me, and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſt in Heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation, which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for ſcarce the Sun
Hath finiſht half his journey, and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus

Thus *Adam* made requeſt, and *Raphael*
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoyn'ſt me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how ſhall I relate
To humane ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring Spirits; how without remorſe
The ruine of ſo many glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood; how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawfull to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpenc'd, and what ſurmounts the reach
Of humane ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By lik'ning ſpiritual to corporeal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt, though what if Earth
Be but the ſhadow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wild
Reign'd where theſe Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now reſts
Upon her Centre pois'd, when on a day
(For time, though in Eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt and future) on ſuch day
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Hoaſt
Of Angels by Imperial Summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thouſand thouſand Enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and Gonfalons twixt Van and Rere
Stream in the Air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders and Degrees;

Or

Or in their glittering Tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeal and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd, ſate the Son
Amidſt as from a flaming Mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my ſelf have ſworn to him ſhall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soul
For ever happy: him who diſobeys
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into utter darkneſs, deep ingulft, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd, all ſeem'd, but were not all
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred Hill,
Myſtical dance, which yonder Starry Sphere
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentrick, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then

Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem
And in their motions harmony Divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have alſo our Evening and our Morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in Circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows
In Pearl, in Diamond, and maſſie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
On flowers repos'd, and with freſh flowrets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit where full meaſure onely bounds
Exceſs, before th' all bounteous King, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoycing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial Night with Clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt Heav'n had chang'd
To gratefull Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veil) and roſeate Dews diſpos'd
All but the unſleeping eyes of God to reſt,
Wide over all the Plain, and wider far
Than all this globous Earth in Plain outſpread,
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelick throng
Diſperſt in Bands and Files their Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial Tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool Winds, ſave thoſe who in their courſe
Melodious Hymns about the ſov'reign Throne
Alternate all night long: but not ſo wak'd

Satan, ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-angel, great in Power,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy againſt the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his Legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the Throne ſupreme
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.

Sleep'ſt thou, Companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remembreſt what Decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſt the lips
Of Heav'ns Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? new Laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new Counſels, to debate
What doubtfull may enſue, more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe Myriads which we lead the Chief;
Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim Night
Her ſhadowy Cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we poſſeſs
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King

The

The great *Meſſiah*, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant and give Laws.

So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his Aſſociate; he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the moſt High commanding, now e'er Night,
Now e'er dim Night had diſincumber'd Heav'n,
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies to ſound
Or taint integrity; but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperiour voice
Of this great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Star that guides
The Starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Hoaſt:
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw without their light
Rebellion riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpread
Among the ſons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppoſe his high Decree;
And ſmiling to his onely Son thus ſaid.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, Heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be ſure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms

We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deity or Empire, ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to erect his Throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpatious North;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In Battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all imploy
In our defence, leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our Sanctuary, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aſpect and clear
Lightning Divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain,
Matter to me of Glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worſt in Heav'n.

So ſpake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an Hoaſt
Innumerable as the Stars of Night,
Or Stars of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty Regencies,
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones
In their triple Degrees, Regions to which
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
Than what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globoſe
Stretcht into Longitude; which having paſs'd

At length into the limits of the North
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal ſeat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towers
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (ſo call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembl'd all his Train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
If theſe magnifick Titles yet remain
Not merely titular, ſince by Decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All Power, and us Eclipſt under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to conſult how we may beſt
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To One and to his Image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds and teach us to caſt off this Yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend

The ſupple knee? ye will not, if I truſt
To know you right, or if ye know your ſelves
Natives and Sons of Heaven poſſeſt before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then or right aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in power and ſplendour leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without Law
Err not, much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuſe
Of thoſe Imperial Titles which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve?

Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controll
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thy ſelf ſo high above thy Peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt Decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his onely Son by right endu'd
With Regal Sceptre, every Soul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightfull King? unjuſt thou ſayſt
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with Laws the free,

And

And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give Law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Powers of Heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us leſs, bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate under one Head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals Monarch Reign:
Thy ſelf, though great and glorious, doſt thou count,
Or all Angelick Nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with Glory, and to their Glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
Eſſential Powers, nor by his Reign obſcur'd,
But more Illuſtrious made, ſince he the Head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own? Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe, but haſt'n to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father and th' incenſed Son,
While Pardon may be found in time beſought.

So ſpake the fervent Angel, but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh, whereat rejoyc'd
Th' Apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That

That we were form'd then ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by task transfer'd
From Father to his Son? ſtrange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learnt: who ſaw
When this creation was? remembreſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
By our own quickning power, when fatal courſe
Had circl'd his full Orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puiſſance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And ſly, e'er evil intercept thy flight.

He ſaid, and as the ſound of waters deep
Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite Hoaſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Encompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O ſpirit accurſt,
Forſaken of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of God's *Meſſiah*; thoſe indulgent Laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd, other Decrees

Againſt

Againſt thee are gone forth without recall;
That Golden Sceptre which thou didſt reject,
Is now an Iron Rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked Tents devoted, leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.

So ſpake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithfull found,
Among the faithleſs, faithfull onely he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhak'n, unſeduc'd, unterrifi'd,
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superiour, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud Towr's to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

Medina inven. *Burg. sculp.*

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael *continues to relate how* Michael *and* Gabriel *were ſent forth to battel againſt* Satan *and his Angels. The firſt Fight deſcrib'd:* Satan *and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents deviliſh Engines, which in the ſecond days Fight put* Michael *and his Angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machines of* Satan: *Yet the Tumult not ſo ending, God on the third day ſends* Meſſiah *his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that Victory: He in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his Legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midſt of his Enemies, purſues them unable to reſiſt towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepar'd for them in the Deep:* Meſſiah *returns with triumph to his Father.*

ALL night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſu'd (Morn,
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till
Wak't by the circling hours, with roſie hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, faſt by his Throne,
Where Light and Darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n

Gratefull viciſſitude, like Day and Night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vaniſht Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among thoſe friendly Powers who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of ſo many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt: On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the Seat ſupreme; from whence a voice
From midſt a Golden Cloud thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the Cauſe
Of Truth, in word mightier than they in Arms;
And for the teſtimony of Truth haſt born
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe: the eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoaſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart, and to ſubdue

By

By force, who reaſon for their Law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their Law, and for their King
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go *Michael* of Celeſtial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military Proweſs next,
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel theſe my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my Saints
By Thouſands and by Millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godleſs crew
Rebellious, them with fire and Hoſtile Arms
Fearleſs aſſault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Purſuing drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into their place of puniſhment, the Gulf
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
His fiery *Chaos* to receive their fall.

So ſpake the Sov'reign voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and ſmoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd: nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the Powers Militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright Legions to the ſound
Of inſtrumental Harmony that breath'd
Heroick Ardour to adventrous deeds
Under their God-like Leaders, in the Cauſe
Of God and his *Meſſiah*. On they move
Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
Nor ſtraitning Vale, nor Wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive Air up bore
Their nimble tread, as when the total kind

Of Birds in orderly array on wing
Came ſummon'd over *Eden* to receive
Their names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery Region, ſtretcht
In battailous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boaſtfull Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of *Satan* haſting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That ſelf ſame day by fight, or by ſurprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To ſet the envier of his State, the proud
Aſpirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,
And in fierce hoaſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of Battel now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a God
Th' Apoſtate in his Sun-bright Chariot ſate
Idol of Majeſty Divine, enclos'd
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
'Twixt Hoaſt and Hoaſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadfull intervall, and Front to Front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy Van,

On

On the rough edge of battel e'er it joyn'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
Came towring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not; wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt; though to ſight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe Reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it aught but juſt,
That he who in debate of Truth hath wone,
Should win in Arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that conteſt and foul,
When Reaſon hath to deal with Force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that Reaſon overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defi'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The height of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The Throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terrour of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in Arms;
Who out of ſmalleſt things could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant Armies to defeat

Thy

Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow
Unaided could have finiſht thee, and whelm'd
Thy Legions under darkneſs; but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Piety to God, though then
To thee not viſible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy World erroneous to diſſent
From all: my Sect thou ſeeſt, now learn too late
How few ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.

Whom the grand foe with ſcornfull eye askance
Thus anſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſht hour
Of my revenge, firſt ſought for thou return'ſt
From flight, ſeditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the firſt aſſay
Of this right hand provok'd, ſince firſt that tongue
Inſpir'd with contradiction durſt oppoſe
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Their Deities to aſſert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'ſt
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me ſome Plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhew
Deſtruction to the reſt: this pauſe between
(Unanſwer'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;
At firſt I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly Souls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſtring Spirits, train'd up in Feaſt and Song;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the Minſtrelſie of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of *Servitude* to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thy ſelf not free, but to thy ſelf enthrall'd:
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let me ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his Divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd,
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious Creſt receive.

So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud Creſt of *Satan*, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his Shield
Such ruine intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſie Spear upſtaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had puſht a Mountain from his ſeat
Half ſunk with all his Pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt, ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of Victory and fierce deſire
Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid ſound

Th' Arch-

Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithfull Armies rung
Hoſanna to the Higheſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe Legions, nor leſs hideous joyn'd
The horrid ſhock: now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as hear'd in Heav'n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding Wheels
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery Darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either Hoaſt with fire.
So under fiery Cope together ruſh'd
Both Battels main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heav'n
Reſounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her Centre ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their Regions: how much more of Power
Army againſt Army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadfull combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy Native ſeat;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though numbred ſuch
As each divided Legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous Hoaſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader ſeem'd
Each Warriour ſingle as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of Battel, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim War; no thought of flight,

None

None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As onely in his arme the moment lay
Of victory; deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite: for wide was ſpread
That War and various; ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air; all Air ſeem'd then
Conflicting Fire: long time in even ſcale
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious power had ſhewn, and met in Arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
Of ten-fold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Inteſtine War in Heav'n, the arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all enflam'd firſt thus began.

Authour of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe Acts of hatefull ſtrife, hatefull to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thy ſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'ns bleſſed peace, and into Nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd

Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithfull, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble Holy Reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all the Confines. Heav'n the ſeat of bliſs
Brooks not the works of violence and War,
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
E'er this avenging Sword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So ſpake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſht, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chaſe me hence? err not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtyle
The ſtrife of Glory, which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n it ſelf into the Hell
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And joyn him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,
I flie not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addreſt for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Humane imagination to ſuch height
Of Godlike Power? for like Gods they ſeem'd,

Stood

Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns their Shields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while expectation ſtood
In horrour; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' Angelick throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion, ſuch as to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if Natures concord broke,
Among the Conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two Planets ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid Sky,
Should combat, and jarring Spheres confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
Uplifted imminent one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention; but the Sword
Of *Michael* from the Armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The Sword of *Satan* with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſhiere, nor ſtaid,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide; then *Satan* firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him, but th' Ethereal ſubſtance clos'd
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh
A ſtream of Nectarous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as Celeſtial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour ſtain'd e'er while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run

By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpight and ſhame
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbl'd by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equall God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrails, Heart or Head, Liver or Reins;
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
All Intellect, all Senſe, and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce Enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down clov'n to the waſte, with ſhatter'd Arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd *Adramaleck*, and *Aſmadai*,
Two potent Thrones, that to be leſs than Gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangl'd with ghaſtly wounds through Plate and Mail,

Nor

Nor ſtood unmindfull *Abdiel* to annoy
The Atheiſt crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* ſcorcht and blaſted overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on Earth; but thoſe elect
Angels contented with their fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of War,
Nor of Renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heav'n and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from Truth divided and from Juſt,
Illaudable, nought merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy, yet to glory aſpires
Vain glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore Eternal ſilence be their doom.

And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battel ſwerv'd,
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrow'n, and on a heap
Chariot and Chariotiere lay overturn'd
And fiery foaming Steeds; what ſtood, recoyl'd
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanick Hoaſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpriz'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpriz'd and ſenſe of pain
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable Saints
In Cubick Phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Such high advantages their innocence

Gave

Gave them above their foes, not to have ſin'd,
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her courſe began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkneſs, gratefull truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of War:
Under her Cloudy covert both retir'd
Victor and Vanquiſht: on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard their Watches round,
Cherubick waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious diſappear'd,
Far in the dark diſlodg'd, and void of reſt,
His Potentates to Council call'd by night;
And in the midſt thus undiſmay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in Arms
Not to be overpowr'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of Liberty alone,
Too mean pretenſe, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glory and renown,
Who have ſuſtain'd one day in doubtfull fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfulleſt to ſend
Againſt us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to ſubdue us to his will,
But proves not ſo: then fallible, it ſeems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniſcient thought. True 'tis, leſs firmly arm'd,
Some diſadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known as ſoon contemn'd,
Since now we find this our Empyreal form

Inca-

Incapable of mortal injury
Imperiſhable, and though pierc'd with wound
Soon cloſing, and by native vigour heal'd,
Of evil then ſo ſmall as eaſie think
The remedy; perhaps more valid Arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cauſe
Left them Superiour, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.

He ſate; and in th' aſſembly next up ſtood
Niſroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riv'n Armes to havock hewn,
And cloudy in aſpect thus anſwering ſpake.
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruine muſt needs enſue; for what avails
Valour or ſtrength, though matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of Mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arm

Our

Our ſelves with like defence to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believeſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this Ethereous mold whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpatious Heav'n, adorn'd
With Plant, Fruit, Flower, Ambroſial, Gems and Gold,
Whoſe Eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of ſpiritous and fiery ſpume, till toucht
With Heav'ns ray, and temper'd they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
Theſe in their dark Nativity the Deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow Engins long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate ſhall ſend forth
From far with thundring noiſe among our foes
Such implements of miſchief as ſhall daſh
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The Thunderer of his onely dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labour, yet e'er dawn,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh, mean while revive;
Abandon fear: to ſtrength and counſel joyn'd
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlightn'd, and their languiſht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventer miſs'd, ſo eaſie it ſeem'd

Once

Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have thought
Impoſſible, yet haply of thy Race
In future days, if Malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the Sons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
None arguing ſtood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the Celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of Nature in their crude
Conception: Sulphurous and Nitrous Foam
They found, they mingl'd, and with ſubtile Art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd:
Part hidd'n veins dig'd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found their Engins and their Balls
Of miſſive ruine; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all e'er day-ſpring, under conſcious Night
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpy'd.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appear'd
Up roſe the Victor Angels, and to Arms
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they ſtood
Of Golden Panoply, refulgent Hoaſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Look'd round, and Scouts each Coaſt light-armed ſcoure,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpread Enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow

But firm Battalion; back with ſpeedieſt Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came flying, and in mid Air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriours, arm for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day, fear not his flight; ſo thick a Cloud
He comes, and ſettl'd in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution and ſecure: let each
His adamantine Coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helm, gripe faſt his orbed Shield,
Born even or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no driz'ling ſhower,
But ratling ſtorm of Arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment:
Inſtant without diſturb they took Allarm,
And onward move Embattel'd; when behold
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the Foe
Approaching groſs and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his deviliſh Enginry impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing Squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while, but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan: And thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the Front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt, however witneſs Heav'n,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed ſtand

Doe as ye have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So ſcoffing in ambiguous words he ſcarce
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd,
Which to our eyes diſcover'd new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars moſt they ſeem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Fir
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
Braſs, Iron, Stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for ſudden all at once their Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep throated Engines belcht, whoſe roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noiſe the Air,
And all her entrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Hoaſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as Rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, Angel on Arch-angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their Arms, unarm'd they might
Have eaſily as Spirits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;

Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they doe? if on they ruſht, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhor'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,
And to his Mates thus in deriſion call'd.

O Friends, why come not on theſe Victors proud?
E'er while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front
And Breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtreight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were heard
We ſhould compell them to a quick reſult.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gameſome mood,
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, heightn'd in their thoughts beyond

All

All doubt of Victory, eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſie, and of his Thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his Hoaſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble; but they ſtood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew,
From their foundations looſning to and fro
They pluckt the ſeated Hills with all their load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be ſure, and terrour ſeis'd the rebel Hoaſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on thoſe curſed Engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſt whole Legions arm'd,
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſht in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtrugling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of ſuch priſon, though Spirits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitation to like Arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills up tore;

So

So Hills amid the Air encountred Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground, they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; War ſeem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heapt
Upon confuſion roſe: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruine overſpread,
Had not th' Almighty Father where he ſits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuary of Heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, adviſ'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Aſſeſſour of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glory, Son belov'd,
Son, in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient; ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch Foes went arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them, and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can doe,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,

With

With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the thid is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd that the Glory may be thine
Of ending this great War, ſince none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch Vertue and Grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy power above compare,
And this perverſe Commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By ſacred Unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Father's might,
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels
That ſhake Heav'ns baſis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puiſſant Thigh;
Purſue theſe ſons of Darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and *Meſſiah* his anointed King.

He ſaid, and on his Son with Rays direct
Shone full, he all his Father full expreſt
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead anſwering ſpake.

O Father, O ſupreme of Heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt, thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorifie thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my Glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will

Fulfill'd

Fulfil'd, which to fulfill is all my bliſs.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I aſſume,
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt I hate, and can put on
Thy terrours, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill Manſion driven down
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfeigned *Hallelujahs* to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his Sceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of Glory where he ſate,
And the third ſacred Morn began to ſhine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The Chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,
It ſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubick ſhapes, four faces each
Had wondrous, as with Stars their bodies all
And wings were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of Beril, and carriering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal Firmament,
Whereon a Saphire Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the ſhowry Arch.
He in Celeſtial Panoply all arm'd
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended, at his right hand Victory

Sate

Sate Eagle-wing'd, beſide him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder ſtor'd,
And from about him fierce Effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke and bickering flame, and ſparkles dire;
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone,
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were ſeen:
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the Cryſtalline Sky, in Saphir Thron'd.
Illuſtrious far and wide, but by his own
Firſt ſeen, them unexpected joy ſurpriz'd,
When the great Enſign of *Meſſiah* blaz'd
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
Under whoſe conduct *Michael* ſoon reduc'd
His Army, circumfus'd on either Wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obſequious, Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh Flourets Hill and Valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly Spirits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his Glory, at the ſight
Took envy, and aſpiring to his height,
Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and *Meſſiah*, or to fall

In univerſal ruine laſt, and now
To final Battel drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God
To all his Hoaſt on either hand thus ſpake.

Stand ſtill in bright array ye Saints, here ſtand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel reſt;
Faithfull hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous Cauſe,
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly; but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints;
Number to this days work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, ſtand onely and behold
God's indignation on theſe Godleſs pour'd
By me, not you but me they have deſpis'd,
Yet envy'd; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in Heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom and Power and Glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will,
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In Battel which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.

So ſpake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four ſpread out their Starry wings
With dreadfull ſhade contiguous, and the Orbs

Of

Of his fierce Chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent Flouds, or of a numerous Hoaſt.
He on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night; under his burning Wheels
The ſtedfaſt Empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the Throne it ſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand Thunders, which he ſent
Before him ſuch as in their Souls infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſht all reſiſtence loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons drop'd;
O'er Shields and Helms, and helmed Heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtrate,
That wiſht the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd Four,
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurſt, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Herd
Of Goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him Thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
With terrours and with furies to the bounds
And Cryſtal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpatious Gap diſclos'd
Into the waſtfull Deep; the monſtrous ſight

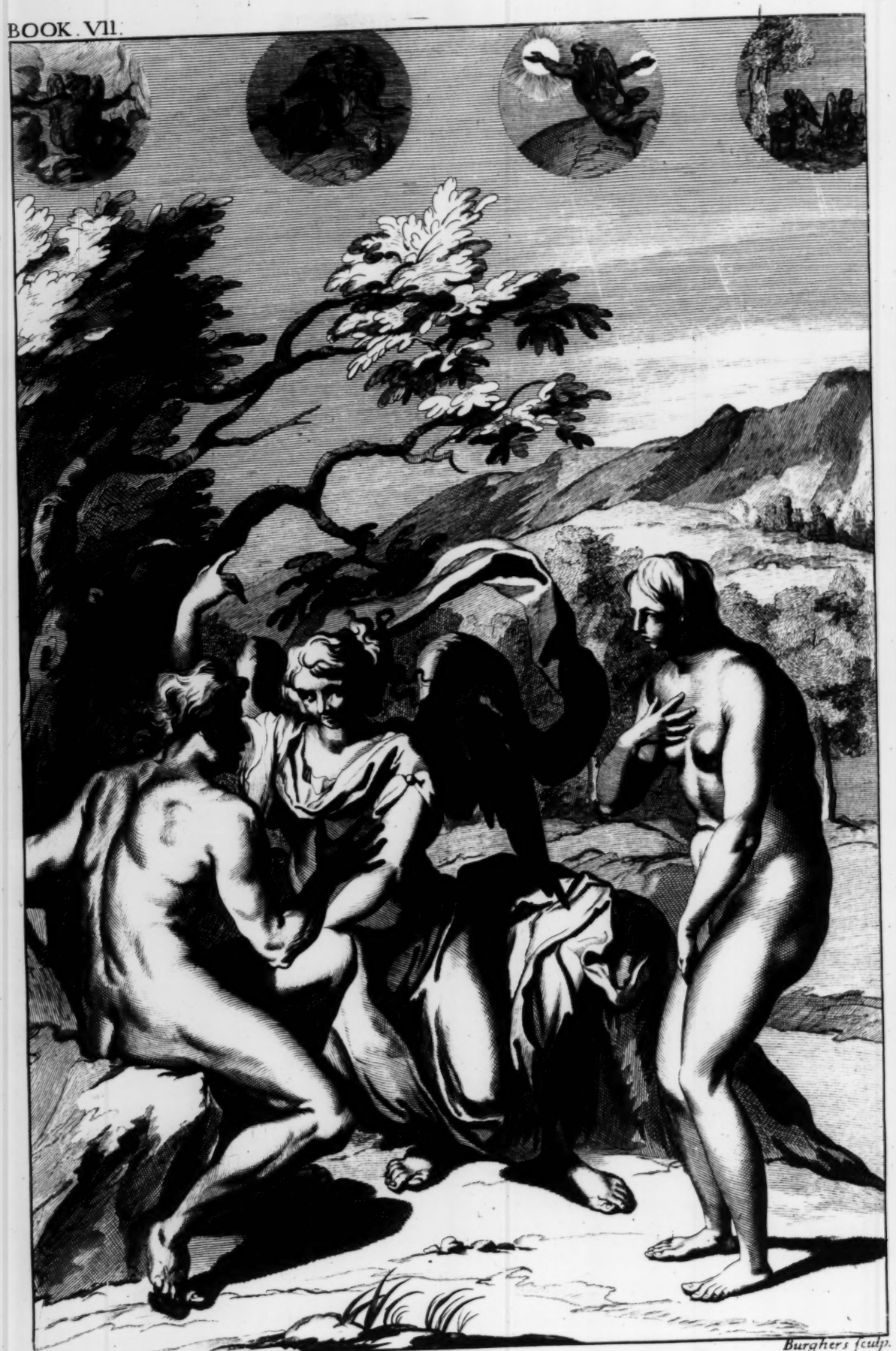
Strook them with horrour backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.

Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations; and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild Anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruine: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole Victor from th' expulſion of his Foes
Meſſiah his triumphal Chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye witneſſes of his Almighty Acts,
With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palm, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him ſung Victorious King,
Son, Heir and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to Reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mighty Father Thron'd
On high: who into Glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

Thus meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy requeſt, and that thou mayſt beware

By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to humane Race been hid;
The diſcord which befell, and War in Heav'n
Among th' Angelick Powers, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With *Satan*, he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happineſs thou mayſt partake
His puniſhment, Eternal miſery;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the moſt High,
Thee once to gain Companion of his woe.
But liſt'n not to his Temptations, warn
Thy weaker: let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

The End of the Sixth Book.



Medina delin.

Burghers sculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael *at the requeſt of* Adam *relates how and wherefore this World was firſt created; that God, after the expelling of* Satan *and his Angels out of Heav'n, declar'd his pleaſure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; ſends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in ſix days: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reaſcenſion into Heaven.*

DEſcend from Heav'n, *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of *Pegaſean* wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'ſt but Heav'nly born,
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wiſedom didſt converſe,
Wiſedom thy Siſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celeſtial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An Earthly Gueſt, and drawn Empyreal Air,

Thy tempring; with like ſafety guided down
Return me to my native Element:
Leſt from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Diſmounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung but narrower bound
Within the viſible Diurnal Sphere;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the Eaſt: ſtill govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of *Bacchus* and his revellers, the Race
Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art Heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.

Say, Goddeſs, what enſu'd when *Raphael*,
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſie, by what befell in Heaven
To theſe Apoſtates, leſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to *Adam* or his Race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,

If

If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wandring. He with his conſorted *Eve*
The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep Muſe to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And War ſo near the Peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a floud on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With Bleſſedneſs. Whence *Adam* ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within *Eden* or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drought
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Gueſt.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this World, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine Interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which humane knowledge could not reach.
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſov'reign will, the end

Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſedom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps avail us known,
How firſt began this Heav'n which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving Fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient Air wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cauſe
Mov'd the Creatour in his holy reſt
Through all Eternity ſo late to build
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou mayſt unfold
What we, not to explore the ſecrets, ask
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his work, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep, ſuſpenſe in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, and the riſing Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
And if the Star of Evening and the Moon
Haſte to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep liſtning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy Song
End and diſmiſs thee e'er the Morning ſhine.

Thus *Adam* his illuſtrious Gueſt beſought:
And thus the Godlike Angel anſwer'd mild.
This alſo thy requeſt with caution askt
Obtain: though to recount Almighty works

What

What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorifie the Maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing, ſuch Commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Onely Omniſcient, hath ſuppreſt in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know.
In meaſure what the mind may well contain,
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſedom to Folly, as nouriſhment to wind.

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the Hoaſt
Of Angels, than that Star the Stars among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.

At leaſt our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of Deity ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſt,
He truſted to have ſeis'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;

Yet far the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Their ſtation, Heav'n yet populous retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her Realms
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Miniſteries due and ſolemn Rites:
But leſt his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have diſpeopl'd Heav'n
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be to loſe
Self-loſt, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, ſpeak thou, and be it done:
My overſhadowing Spirit and might with thee
I ſend along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundleſs the Deep, becauſe I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd my ſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, Neceſſity and Chance
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the Acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion, but to humane ears

Cannot

Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they ſung to the moſt High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his ſight
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe whoſe wiſedom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in ſtead
Of Spirits malign a better Race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of Majeſty Divine, Sapience and Love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his Chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From th' Armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſt at hand,
Celeſtial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever-during Gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerfull Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
On Heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable Abyſs

Outra-

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, waſtefull, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as Mountains to aſſault
Heav'ns height, and with the Centre mix the Pole.

Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou; Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnifick Word, your diſcord end.

Nor ſtaid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid Wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden Compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's Eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he centr'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' Abyſs: but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Maſs, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the Air,
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her Centre hung.

Let there be light, ſaid God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native Eaſt
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the Light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the Hemiſphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt Day Ev'n and Morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the Celeſtial Choirs, when Orient Light
Exhaling firſt from Darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow Univerſal Orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden Harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creatour him they ſung,
Both when firſt Evening was, and when firſt Morn.

Again, God ſaid, let there be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made
The Firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round: partition firm and ſure,
The Waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as Earth, ſo he the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calm, in wide
Cryſtalline Ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of *Chaos* far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Ev'n

And

And Morning *Chorus* ſung the ſecond day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolifick humour ſoft'ning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Satiate with moiſture, when God ſaid
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appear,
Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up heave
Into the Clouds, their tops aſcend the Sky:
So high as Heav'n the tumid Hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters; thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtall Wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their Standard ſo the watry throng,
Wave rolling after Wave, where they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through Plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them Rock or Hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found their way,
And on the waſhy Ooſe deep Chanels wore;
Eaſie, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle

Of

Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant Graſs, Herb yielding Seed,
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;
Whoſe Seed is in her ſelf upon the Earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare Earth, till then
Deſart and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender Graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her Univerſal Face with pleaſant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flour'd
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown
Forth flouriſht thick the cluſtring Vine, forth crept
The ſmelling Gourd, up ſtood the corny Reed
Embattel'd in her field: and th' humble Shrub.
And Buſh with frizl'd hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in Dance the ſtately Trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copious Fruit; or gem'd
Their bloſſoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd
With tufts the valleys and each fountain ſide,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a ſeat where God might dwell
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had not yet rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy Miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which e'er it was in th' Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good.
So Ev'n and Morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty ſpake: Let there be Lights
High in th' expanſe of Heav'n to divide

The Day from Night; and let them be for Signs,
For Seaſons, and for Days, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordain
Their Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great Lights, great for their uſe
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The leſs by Night altern: and made the Stars,
And ſet them in the Firmament of Heav'n
To illuminate the earth, and rule the Day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the Night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celeſtial bodies firſt the Sun
A mighty Sphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of Ethereal Mold: then form'd the Moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of Stars,
And ſow'd with Stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of Light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
Hither as to their Fountain other Stars
Repairing in their gold'n Urns draw light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;
By tincture or reflexion they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from humane ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his Eaſt the glorious Lamp was ſeen,
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
Inveſted with bright Rays, jocund to run
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the grey
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd

Shedding

Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the Moon,
But oppoſite in level'd Weſt was ſet
His mirrour, with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till Night, then in the Eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines;
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer Lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand Stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemiſphere; then firſt adorn'd
With the bright Luminaries that ſate and roſe,
Glad Evening and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God ſaid, let the Waters generate
Reptile with Spawn abundant, living Soul:
And let Fowl flie above the Earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on th' open Firmament of Heav'n.
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every Bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying
Be fruitfull, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes, and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowl be multiply'd on the Earth,
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay
With Frie innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of Fiſh that with their Finns and ſhining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the Sea-weed their paſture, and through Groves
Of Coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the Sun their wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in their Pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend

Moiſt nutriment, or under Rocks their food
In jointed Armour watch: on ſmooth the Seal
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their Gate
Tempeſt the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugeſt of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontory ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving Land, and at his Gills
Draws in, and at his Trunk ſpouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and Shores
Their Brood as numerous hatch, from th' Egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſum'd their Pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops their Eyries build:
Part looſly wing the Region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way.
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their Airy Caravan high over Seas
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent Crane
Her annual Voyage, born on Winds; the Air
Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes
From Branch to Branch the ſmaller Birds with ſong
Solac'd the Woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till Ev'n, nor then the ſolemn Nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays;
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd
Their downy Breaſt; the Swan with arched Neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with Oary feet: yet oft they quit
The Dank, and riſing on ſtiff Pennons, towre

The mid Aereal Sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted Cock whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay Train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starry Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fiſh repleniſht, and the Air with Fowl,
Ev'ning and Morn ſolemniz'd the Fifth day.

The Sixth, and of Creation laſt aroſe
With Evening Harps and Matin, when God ſaid,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowl living in her kind,
Cattel and creeping things, and Beaſt of the Earth,
Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and ſtreight
Op'ning her fertile Womb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerous living Creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe
As from his Lair the wild Beaſt where he wons
In Foreſt wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den;
Among the Trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad Herds upſprung,
The graſſie Clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant ſhakes his brinded Mane; the Ounce,
The Libbard and the Tygre, as the Moal
Riſing, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
In Hillocks: the ſwift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth biggeſt born of Earth upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: Fleec'd the Flocks and bleating roſe,
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horſe and ſcaly Crocodile.

At once come forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or Worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
With ſpots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; ſome of Serpent kind
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Their Snaky foulds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The Parſimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart enclos'd.
Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, joyned in her popular Tribes
Of Commonalty: ſwarming next appear'd
The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them names,
Needleſs to be repeated; nor unknown
The Serpent ſubtl'ſt Beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy Mane terrifick, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great firſt-Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe: Earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; Air, Water, Earth
By Fowl, Fiſh, Beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the ſixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the Maſter work, the end
Of all yet done; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctity of Reaſon, might erect

His

His ſtature, and upright with Front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with Heav'n,
But gratefull to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worſhip God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Preſent) thus to his Son audibly ſpake,

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the Fiſh and Fowl of Sea and Air,
Beaſt of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image he
Created thee, in the Image of God
Expreſs and thou becam'ſt a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for Race; then bleſt Mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitfull, multiply and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fiſh of the Sea, Fowl of the Air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth
Whereever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee, all ſorts are here that all th' Earth yields

Variety without end; but of the Tree
Which taſted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt ſin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accompliſh'd the Sixth day:
Yet not till the Creatour from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold the new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great Idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand Harps that tun'd
Angelick harmonies: the Earth, the Air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The Heav'ns and all the Conſtellations rung,
The Planets in their ſtation liſtning ſtood,
While the bright Pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting Gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creatour from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt Men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged Meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal Grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led

To God's Eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whoſe duſt is Gold
And pavement Stars, as Stars to thee appear,
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with Stars. And now on Earth the Seventh
Evening aroſe in *Eden*, for the Sun
Was ſet, and twilight from the Eaſt came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy Mount
Of Heav'ns high-ſeated top, th' Imperial Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſate him down
With his great Father (for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtaid (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd
Authour and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the Sev'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn Pipe,
And Dulcimer, all Organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or Golden Wire
Temper'd ſoft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Uniſon: of incenſe Clouds
Fuming from Golden Cenſers hid the Mount.
Creation and the Six days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
Thy power; what thought can meaſure thee or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? eaſily the proud attempt

Of Spirits apoſtate and their Counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heaven Gate not far, founded in view
On the clear *Hyaline*, the Glaſſie Sea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with Stars
Numerous, and every Star perhaps a World
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,
And ſons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worſhip him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worſhippers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.

So ſung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With *Hallelujahs:* Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think how fulfill'd, that ask'd
How firſt this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Aught, not ſurpaſſing humane meaſure, ſay.

The End of the Seventh Book.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam *inquires concerning celeſtial Motions, is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge:* Adam *aſſents, and ſtill deſirous to detain* Raphael, *relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own Creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and Nuptials with* Eve, *his diſcourſe with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.*

THE Angel ended, and in *Adam*'s Ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fixt to hear;
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creatour? ſomething yet of doubt remains,
Which onely thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World

Of Heav'n and Earth conſiſting, and compute,
Their magnitudes, this Earth a ſpot, a grain,
An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
And all her number'd Stars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues and their ſwift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night; in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides, reaſoning I oft admire,
How Nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For aught appears, and on their Orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary Earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than her ſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As Tribute ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs Number fails.

So ſpake our Sire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which *Eve*
Perceiving where ſhe ſate retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs Majeſtick from her ſeat
And Grace that wone who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her Fruits and Flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurſery; they at her coming ſprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe

Delighted,

Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole Auditreſs;
Her Husband the Relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateſull digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal Careſſes from his Lip,
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes to wiſh her ſtill in ſight,
And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus reply'd.

To ask or ſearch I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to reade his wondrous Works and learn
His Seaſons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Years:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the reſt
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his Fabrick of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive

To ſave appearances, how gird the Sphere
With Centrick and Eccentrick ſcribl'd o'er,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit: conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth
Though in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſtering, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe virtue on it ſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitfull Earth, there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are thoſe bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpatious, and his Line ſtretcht out ſo far;
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe Circles attribute,
Though numberleſs, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt Spiritual; me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the Morning hour ſet out from Heav'n
Where God reſides, and e'er mid-day arriv'd
In *Eden*, diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to ſhew

Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his ways from humane ſenſe,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be Centre to the World, and other Stars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt, and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The Planet Earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different Motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral Spheres thou muſt aſcribe;
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the Sun his labour, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all Stars, the Wheel
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth induſtrious of her ſelf fetch Day
Travelling Eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial Moon be as a Star
Enlightning her by Day, as ſhe by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Fields and Inhabitants: Her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her ſoft'nd Soil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps
With their attendant Moons thou wilt deſcry

Commu-

Communicating Male and Female Light,
Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in Nature unpoſſeſt
By living Soul, deſart and deſolate,
Onely to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimpſe of Light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
Riſe on the Earth, or Earth riſe on the Sun,
He from the Eaſt his flaming rode begin,
Or ſhe from Weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft Axle, while ſhe paces Ev'n,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other Creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Whereever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe
And thy fair *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think onely what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth onely but of higheſt Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam*, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,

The

The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we our ſelves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain?
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to rove
Uncheckt, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtile, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wiſedom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that moſt concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſefull, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomething not unſeaſonable to ask
By ſufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd
Thee I have heard relating what was done
E'er my remembrance: now hear me relate
My Story, which perhaps thou haſt not heard:
And Day is yet not ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
How ſubt'ly to detain thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Though pleaſant, but thy words with Grace Divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

To whom thus *Raphael* anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungracefull, Sire of men,
Nor tongue uneloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comelineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms,
Nor leſs think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
On Man his equal love: ſay therefore on;
For I that Day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full Legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he incenſt at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with Creation might have mixt,
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt,
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sov'reign King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal Gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long e'er our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of Light
E'er Sabbath Ev'ning: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine.

So

So ſpake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For man to tell how humane Life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flowry herb I found me laid
In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Streight toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Sky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, Dale, and ſhady Woods, and ſunny Plains,
And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
My ſelf I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair Light,
And thou enlight'nd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my ſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in power preeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,

And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew Air, and firſt beheld
This happy Light, when anſwer none return'd
On a green ſhady Bank profuſe of Flowers
Penſive I ſate me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeis'd
My drowſed ſenſe, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: One came, methought, of ſhape Divine,
And ſaid, thy Manſion wants thee, *Adam*, riſe,
Firſt Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over Fields and Waters, as in Air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody Mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodlieſt Trees
Planted, with Walks and Bowers, that what I ſaw
Of Earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each Tree
Load'n with faireſt Fruit that hung to th'eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd: Here had new begun,
My wandring, had not he who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd
Preſence Divine. Rejoycing, but with awe
In adoration at his feet I fell

Submiſs:

Submiſs: he rear'd me, and whom thou ſoughtſt I am,
Said mildly, Authour of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat:
Of every Tree that in the Garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the Tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſt, inevitably thou ſhalt dye;
From that day mortal, and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadfull in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd and gratious purpoſe thus renew'd.
For onely theſe fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in Sea, or Air, Beaſt, Fiſh and Fowl.
In ſign whereof each Bird and Beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their Names, and pay thee fealty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of Fiſh within their watry reſidence
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their Element to draw the thinner Air.
As thus he ſpake, each Bird and Beaſt behold

Approaching

Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each Bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their Nature, with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion: but in theſe
I found not what me thought I wanted ſtill;
And to the Heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Authour of this Univerſe,
And all this good to man, for whoſe well being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal
Thou haſt provided all things; but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more bright'nd, thus reply'd.

What call'ſt thou ſolitude? is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the Air
Repleniſht, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime and bear rule; thy Realm is large,
So ſpake the Univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ordering. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.

Haſt

Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferiour far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be humane conſort; they rejoyce
Each with their kind, Lion with Lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can Bird with Beaſt, or Fiſh with Fowl
So well converſe, nor with the Ox the Ape;
Worſe then can Man with Beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtile happineſs I ſee
Thou to thy ſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy Aſſociates, *Adam*, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſt
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all Eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe
Save with the Creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferiour, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy Eternal ways

All

All humane thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thy ſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers abſolute, though One;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecreſie although alone,
Beſt with thy ſelf accompany'd, ſeekeſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy Creature to what height thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I embold'nd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gratious voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of Beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thy ſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, e'er thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt

Inten-

Intended thee for trial onely brought,
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy hearts deſire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My Earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrein'd to th' height
In that celeſtial Colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excells the ſenſe,
Dazl'd and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
Of Fancy my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a tranſe methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood,
Who ſtooping op'nd my left ſide, and took
From thence a Rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-bloud ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd:
The Rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different Sex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark, I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial Sanctity and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I over-joy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creatour bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy Gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forgo
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one Fleſh, one Heart, one Soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modeſty,
Her Vertue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature her ſelf, though pure of ſinfull thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was Honour knew,
And with obſequious Majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her bluſhing like the Morn: all Heav'n,

And

And happy Conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the Earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; freſh Gales and gentle Airs
Whiſper'd it to the Woods, and from their wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicy Shrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the Evening Star
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My Story to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of Taſte, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits and Flowers,
Walks, and the melody of Birds; but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weak
Againſt the charm of Beauty's powerfull glance,
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of Nature her th'inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which moſt excell,
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His Image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that Dominion giv'n

O'er other Creatures; yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in her ſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to doe or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, vertuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded: Wiſedom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhews;
Authority and Reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelick plac'd.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.

Accuſe not Nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wiſedom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thy ſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection: weigh with her thy ſelf;
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Than ſelf eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yield all her ſhews:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awfull, that with honour thou mayſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.

But

But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To Cattel and each Beaſt; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The Soul of Man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, humane, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not,
Wherein true Love conſiſts not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his ſeat
In Reaſon, and is judicious, is the ſcale
By which to Heav'nly Love thou mayſt aſcend,
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure, for which cauſe
Among the Beaſts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abaſh'd *Adam* reply'd.
Neither her out-ſide form'd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as thoſe gracefull acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixt with Love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More gratefull than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not; I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.

To love thou blam'ſt me not, for love thou ſayſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawfull what I ask;
Love not the Heav'nly Spirits, and how their Love
Expreſs they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

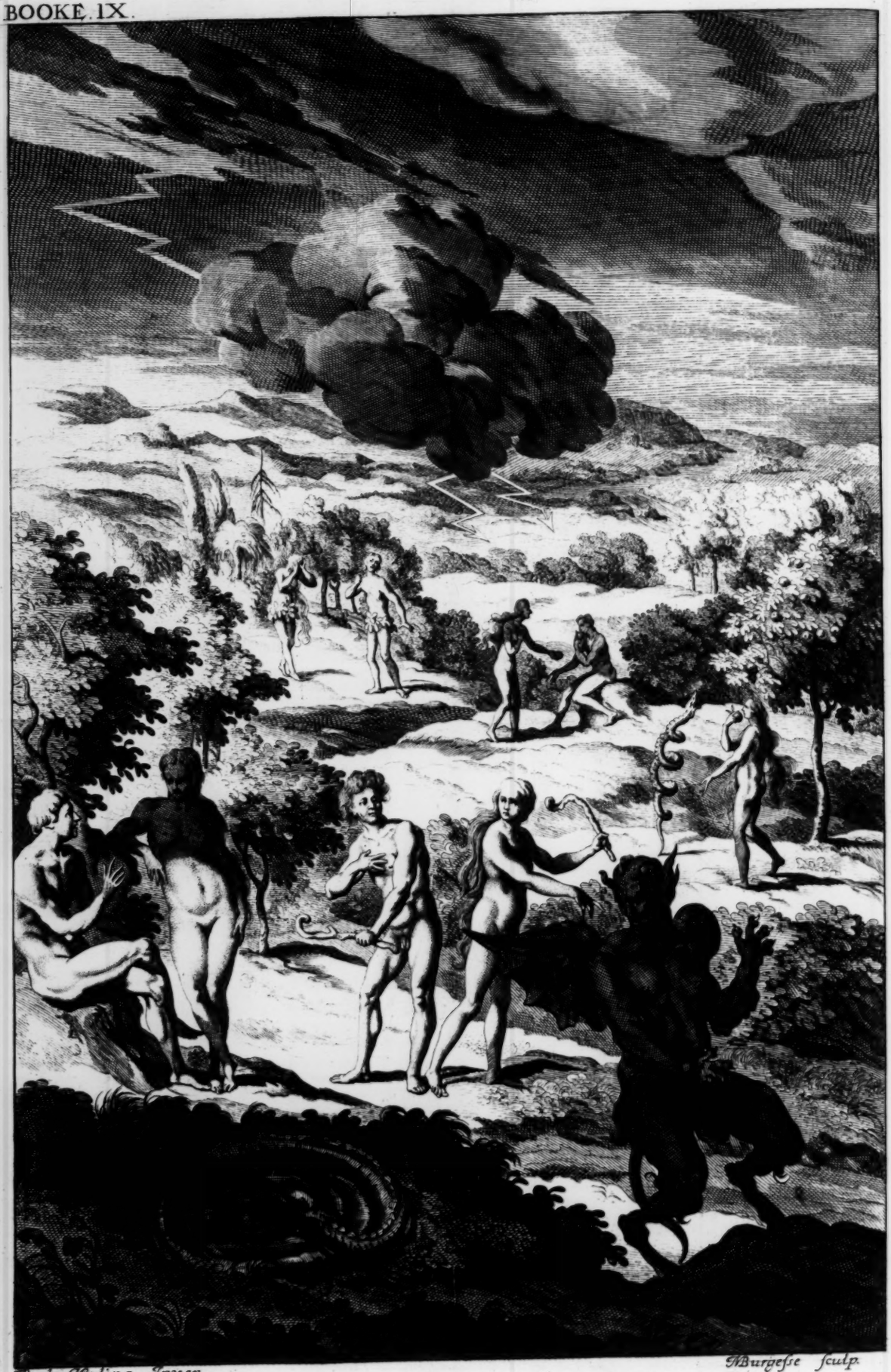
To whom the Angel with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſie red, Love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd, Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy, and without Love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'ſt
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joynt or limb, excluſive bars:
Eaſier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of Pure with Pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need
As Fleſh to mix with Fleſh, or Soul with Soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Iſles
Heſperean ſets, my Signal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy, and love, but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt Paſſion ſway
Thy Judgement to doe aught, which elſe free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoyce,
And all the Bleſt: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repell.

So

So ſaying, he aroſe; whom *Adam* thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go Heav'nly Gueſt, Ethereal Meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe Sov'reign Goodneſs I adore,
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be honour'd ever
With gratefull Memory: thou to Mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and *Adam* to his Bower.

The End of the Eighth Book.



B. de Medina Inven. MBurgese sculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan *having compaſs'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by Night into Paradiſe, enters into the Serpent ſleeping.* Adam *and* Eve *in the Morning go forth to their labours, which* Eve *propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart:* Adam *conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, ſhould attempt her found alone:* Eve *loth to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her ſtrength;* Adam *at laſt yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his ſubtile approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling* Eve *above all other Creatures.* Eve *wondring to hear the Serpent ſpeak, asks how he attain'd to humane ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the Serpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reaſon, till then void of both:* Eve *requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe pleas'd with the taſte deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to* Adam *or not, at laſt brings him of the Fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof:* Adam *at firſt amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs eats alſo of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance and accuſation of one another.*

NO more of talk where God or Angel Gueſt
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partak'd
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd; I now muſt change
Thoſe Notes to tragick; foul diſtruſt and breach
Diſloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And diſobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
That brought into this World a World of woe,
Sin and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
Death's Harbinger: Sad task, yet Argument
Not leſs but more Heroick than the wrath
Of ſtern *Achilles* on his Foe purſu'd
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall; or rage
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* diſeſpous'd,
Or *Neptune*'s ire or *Juno*'s, that ſo long
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea*'s Son;
If anſwerable ſtyle I can obtain
Of my Celeſtial Patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumbring, or inſpires
Eaſie my unpremeditated Verſe.
Since firſt this Subject for Heroick Song
Pleas'd me long chuſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by Nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the onely argument
Heroick deem'd, chief maſtery to diſſect
With long and tedious havock fabl'd Knights
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroick Martyrdom
Unſung; or to deſcribe Races and Games,
Or Tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,

Impreſſes

Impreſſes quaint, Capariſons and Steeds;
Baſes and Tinſel Trappings, gorgeous Knights
At Jouſt and Tournement; then marſhal'd Feaſt
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneſchals;
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
Not that which juſtly gives Heroick name
To Perſon or to Poem. Me of theſe
Nor skill'd nor ſtudious, higher Argument
Remains, ſufficient of it ſelf to raiſe
That Name, unleſs an age too late, or cold
Climate, or Years damp my intended wing
Depreſt, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was ſunk, and after him the Star
Of *Heſperus*, whoſe Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, ſhort Arbiter
'Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Night's Hemiſphere had veil'd th' Horizon round:
When *Satan*, who late fled before the threats
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
From compaſſing the Earth, cautious of day,
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun deſcry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
The ſpace of ſev'n continu'd Nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl'd, four times croſs'd the Car of Night
From Pole to Pole, traverſing each Colure;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the Coaſt averſe

From entrance or Cherubick Watch, by ſtealth
Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, though Sin, not Time, firſt wrought the change
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a Gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
In with the River ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan involv'd in riſing Miſt, then ſought
Where to lie hid: Sea he had ſearcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Pool
Mæotis up beyond the River *Ob*;
Downward as far Antartick; and in length
Weſt from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flows
Ganges and *Indus:* thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch; and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd every Creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent ſubt'leſt Beaſt of all the Field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit Veſſel, fitteſt Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wily Snake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſubtilty
Proceeding, which in other Beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolick power
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built

With

With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious Lamps.
Light above Light, for thee, alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all their pretious beams
Of ſacred influence: As God in Heav'n
Is Centre, yet extends to all, ſo thou
Centring receiv'ſt from all thoſe Orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Senſe, Reaſon, all ſum'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, ſweet interchange
Of Hill and Valley, Rivers, Woods and Plains,
Now Land, now Sea, and Shoars with Foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, Dens and Caves? but I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hatefull ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring Heav'ns Supreme;
Nor hope to be my ſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For onely in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made, all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:

To

To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, *Almighty* ſtyl'd, ſix Nights and Days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one Night freed
From ſervitude inglorious wellnigh half
Th' Angelick Name, and thinner left the throng
Of his Adorers? he to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With Heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his ſeat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming Miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthy Charge: Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and do elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight vapour glide obſcure, and pry
In every Buſh and Brake, where hap may find
The Serpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazie folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the higheſt, am now conſtrain'd
Into a Beaſt, and mixt with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of Deity aſpir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge

Deſcend

Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter e'er long back on it ſelf recoils;
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new Favourite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repay'd.

So ſaying, through each Thicket Dank or Dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The Serpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtile wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade or diſmal Den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the graſſie Herb
Fearleſs unfear'd he ſlept: in at his Mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of Morn.
Now when as ſacred Light began to dawn
In *Eden* on the humid Flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th' Earth's great Altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creatour, and his Noſtrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the humane pair
And joyn'd their vocal Worſhip to the Choir
Of Creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The Seaſon, prime for ſweeteſt Scents and Airs:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply

Their

Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands diſpatch of two Gard'ning ſo wide.
And *Eve* firſt to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
This Garden, ſtill to tend Plant, Herb and Flower,
Our pleaſant task enjoyn'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One Night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now adviſe
Or bear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent,
Let us divide our Labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
The claſping Ivy where to climb, while I
In yonder ſpring of Roſes intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redreſs till Noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our task we chuſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our days work brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild anſwer *Adam* thus return'd.
Sole *Eve*, Aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare above all living Creatures dear,
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts imploy'd
How we might beſt fulfill the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us, nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In Woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,

And

And good works in her Husband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles, for ſmiles from Reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of Love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of Humane life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reaſon join'd.
Theſe Paths and Bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from Wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands e'er long
Aſſiſt us: But if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield.
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malitious Foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder,
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal Love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithfull ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,

Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her Husband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
To whom the Virgin Majeſty of *Eve*,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.

Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's Lord,
That ſuch an Enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruine, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of Evening Flours.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a Foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be ſhak'n or ſeduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breaſt
Adam, miſthought of her to thee ſo dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame intire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it ſelf, intended by our Foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at leaſt aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonour foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
Againſt temptation: thou thy ſelf with ſcorn

And

And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Subtile he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels, nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Acceſs in every Vertue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchfull, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reacht,
Would utmoſt vigour raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chooſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy Vertue try'd?

So ſpake domeſtick *Adam* in his care
And Matrimonial Love; but *Eve*, who thought
Leſs attributed to her Faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit ſtraitn'd by a Foe,
Subtile or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integrity: his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonour on our Front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherefore ſhun'd or fear'd

By us? who rather double honour gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe, find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witneſs from th' event.
And what is Faith, Love, Vertue, unaſſay'd
Alone, without exteriour help ſuſtain'd?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happy State
Left ſo imperfect by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd:
Frail is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently reply'd.
O Woman, beſt are all things as the Will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much leſs Man,
Or aught that might his happy State ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the Will, for what obeys
Reaſon, is free, and Reaſon he made right,
But bid her well beware, and ſtill erect,
Left by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſinform the Will
To doe what God expreſly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender Love enjoins,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since Reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the Foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid

Were better, and moſt likely if from me
Thou ſever not: Trial will come unſought.
Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancy, approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted, who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt.
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou haſt of vertue, ſummon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, doe thine.

So ſpake the Patriarch of Mankind, but *Eve*
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.

With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd onely, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A Foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her Husband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a Wood Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia*'s Train,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia*'s ſelf
In gate ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like deport,
Though not as ſhe with Bow and Quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch Gard'ning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales*, or *Pomona* thus adorn'd,
Likelieſt ſhe ſeem'd; *Pomona* when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of *Proſerpina* from *Jove*.

Her

Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoons repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs *Eve*,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid amongſt ſweet Flours and Shades
Waited with helliſh rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Despoil'd of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliſs.
For now and ſince firſt break of dawn the Fiend,
Mere Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his Queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The onely two of Mankind, but in them
The whole included Race, his purpos'd prey.
In Bowre and Field he ſought, where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden-plat more pleaſant lay,
Their Tendence or Plantation for delight,
By Fountain or by ſhady Rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate, he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd, when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, *Eve* ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpy'd, ſo thick the Roſes bushing round
About her glow'd, oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each Flour of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or ſpect with Gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd, them ſhe upſtays

Gently with Mirtle hand, mindleſs the while,
Her ſelf, though faireſt unſupported Flour,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtatelieſt Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
Imborder'd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve:*
Spot more delicious than thoſe Gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd
Alcinous hoſt of old *Laertes*'s Son,
Or that, not Myſtick, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* Spouſe.
Much he the Place admir'd, the Perſon more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houſes thick and Sewers annoy the Air.
Forth iſſuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant Villages and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The ſmell of Grain, or tedded Graſs or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance with Nymph-like ſtep fair Virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſumms all Delight.
Such pleaſure took the Serpent to behold
This Floury Plat, the ſweet receſs of *Eve*
Thus early, thus alone; her Heav'nly form
Angelick, but more ſoft, and Feminine,
Her gracefull innocence, her every Air
Of geſture or leaſt action overaw'd
His Malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the Evil One abſtracted ſtood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd

Stupidly

Stupidly good, of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heav'n, ſoon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſures to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying, other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion which now ſmiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroick built, though of terreſtrial mould,
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; ſo much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in love
And beauty, not approacht by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhew of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruine now I tend.

So ſpake the Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addreſs'd his way not with indented wave,

Prone

Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a ſurging Maze, his Head
Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burniſht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the graſs
Floted redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely, never ſince of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not thoſe that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was ſeen,
He with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of *Rome*. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilfull Stearſman wrought
Nigh River's mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her Sail;
So varied he, and of his tortuous Train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye; ſhe buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the Field,
From every Beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Than at *Cercean* call the Herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret Creſt, and ſleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue
Organick, or impulſe of vocal Air,

His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, Sov'reign Miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole Wonder, much leſs arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate, I thus ſingle, nor have fear'd
Thy awfull brow, more awfull thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celeſtial Beauty adore
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld,
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this encloſure wild, theſe Beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee, (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be ſeen
A Goddeſs among Gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily Train.

So glos'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc'd
By Tongue of Brute, and humane ſenſe expreſt?
The firſt at leaſt of theſe I thought deny'd
To beaſts, whom God on their Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulate ſound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reaſon, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, ſubtileſt Beaſt of all the Field
I knew, but not with humane voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,

How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight?
Say, for ſuch wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guilefull Tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair World, reſplendent *Eve*,
Eaſie to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'ſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be obey'd:
I was at firſt as other Beaſts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food diſcern'd
Or Sex, that apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the Field, I chanc'd
A goodly Tree far diſtant to behold
Loaden with Fruit of faireſt colours mixt,
Ruddy and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a ſavoury odour blown,
Gratefull to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Than ſmell of ſweeteſt Fennel, or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Even,
Unſuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend their play.
To ſatisfy the ſharp deſire I had
Of taſting thoſe fair Apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirſt at once,
Powerfull perſwaders, quick'nd at the ſcent
Of that alluring Fruit, urg'd me ſo keen.
About the Moſſie Trunk I wound me ſoon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach, or *Adam's*: Round the Tree
All other Beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill

I ſpar'd not, for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, e'er long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reaſon in my inward Powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to his ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Conſidered all things viſible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
United I beheld; no Fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee of right declar'd
Sov'reign of Creatures, univerſal Dame.

So talk'd the ſpirited ſly Snake; and *Eve*
Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that Fruit, in thee firſt prov'd:
But ſay, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us, in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſburthen Nature of her Birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blith and glad.
Empreſs, the way is ready, and not long,

Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Faſt by a Fountain, one ſmall Thicket paſt
Of blowing Myrrh and Balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.

Lead then, ſaid *Eve*. He leading ſwiftly rowl'd
In tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtreight,
To miſchief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Creſt, as when a wandring Fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the Night
Condenſes, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spirit attends
Hovering and blazing with deluſive Light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far:
So gliſter'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her Guide ſhe ſpake.

Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though Fruit be here to exceſs,
The credit of whoſe virtue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
But of this Tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to our ſelves, our Reaſon is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the Fruit
Of all theſe Garden Trees ye ſhall not eat,

Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Air?

To whom thus *Eve* yet ſinleſs. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eat,
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidſt
The Garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat,
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.

She ſcarce had ſaid, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with ſhew of Zeal and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuats diſturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome Oratour renown'd
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flouriſh'd, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſt,
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience e'er the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So ſtanding, moving, or to height up grown
The Tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.

O Sacred, Wiſe, and Wiſedom-giving Plant,
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
Within me clear, not onely to diſcern
Things in their Cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt Agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this Univerſe do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of Death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge? By the Threatner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,

And

And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my Lot.
Shall that be ſhut to Man, which to the Beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty Treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc'd, whatever thing Death be,
Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead
To happier Life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear it ſelf of Death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep you low and ignorant,
His worſhippers? he knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your Eyes that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye ſhall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
That ye ſhould be as Gods, ſince I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute, humane; ye of humane, Gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Humane, to put on Gods, death to be wiſht,
Though threatn'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I queſtion it, for this fair Earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd

Know-

Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſedom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart againſt his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? theſe, theſe and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſie entrance won:
Fixt on the Fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the ſound
Yet wrung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With Reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with Truth;
Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rai'sd by the ſmell
So ſavoury of that Fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Sollicited her longing eye; yet firſt
Pauſing a-while, thus to her ſelf ſhe mus'd.

Great are thy Virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good

By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
How dies the Serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual Food, for Beaſts reſerv'd?
For Beaſts it ſeems: yet that one Beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, Authour unſuſpect,
Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penalty?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taſte,
Of virtue to make wiſe: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Body and Mind?

So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat
Sighing through all her Works gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the Thicket ſlunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*
Intent now wholly on her taſte, naught elſe
Regarded, ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,

In fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true
Or fanſied ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating Death: Satiate at length,
And height'nd as with Wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to her ſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.

O Sov'reign, virtuous, pretious of all Trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſt
To Sapience, hitherto obſcur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praiſe
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burthen eaſe
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance, thou op'neſt Wiſedom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, ſafe with all his Spies
About him. But to *Adam* in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power

Without Copartner? ſo to add what wants
In Female Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſireable, ſometime
Superiour; for inferiour, who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have ſeen,
And Death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So ſaying, from the Tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd,
But firſt low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the Plant ſciential ſap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of Choiceſt Flowers a Garland to adorn
Her Treſſes and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont their Harveſt Queen,
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomething ill,
Miſgave him; he the fault'ring meaſure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That Morn when firſt they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he muſt paſs, there he her met,
Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt Fruit that downy ſmil'd,
New gather'd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
To him ſhe haſted, in her face excuſe

Came Prologue, and Apology to prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſt.

Haſt thou not wondred, *Adam*, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſt, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what raſh untry'd I ſought,
The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderfull to hear:
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger taſted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch: the Serpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the Fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with humane voice and humane ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond, opener mine Eyes,
Dimmerſt, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs,
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal Lot
May join us equal Joy, as equal Love;
Leſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus

Thus *Eve* with Count'nance blith her ſtory told;
But in her Cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, *Adam*, ſoon as he heard
The fatal Treſpaſs done by *Eve*, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and blank, while horrour chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale, till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.

O faireſt of Creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſuddain loſt,
Defac'd, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how haſt thou yielded to trangreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred Fruit forbidd'n! ſome curſed fraud
Of Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet Converſe and Love ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild Woods forlorn?
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Fleſh of Fleſh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.

So

So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and after thoughts diſturb'd
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to *Eve* he turn'd.

Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, adventrous *Eve*,
And peril great provok'd, who thus hath dar'd
Had it been onely coveting to Eye
That ſacred Fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it under bane to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or done undoe?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the Fact
Is not ſo heinous now, foretaſted Fruit,
Prophan'd firſt by the Serpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd e'er our taſte:
Nor yet on him found deadly he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gains to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creatour wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime Creatures, dignify'd ſo high,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,
Dependant made: ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, doe, undoe, and labour loſe,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his Power
Creation Could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leſt the Adverſary
Triumph and ſay; Fickle their State whom God

Moſt

Moſt Favours, who can pleaſe him long? Me firſt
He ruin'd, now Mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn, not to be given the Foe,
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergo like doom, if Death
Conſort with thee, Death is to me as Life:
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our State cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
One Fleſh: to loſe thee were to loſe my ſelf.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him reply'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Ingaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
Adam, from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our Union hear thee ſpeak,
One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than Death or aught than Death more dread
Shall ſeparate us, linkt in love ſo dear,
To undergo with me one Guilt, one Crime,
If any be of taſting this fair Fruit,
Whoſe virtue, for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion hath preſented
This happy trial of thy Love, which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought Death menac'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee; rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly aſſur'd

Remar-

Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithfull Love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwiſe th' event, not Death, but Life
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joys,
Taſte ſo Divine, that what of ſweet before
Hath toucht my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taſte,
And fear of Death deliver to the Winds.

So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had ſo enobl'd, as of choice to incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or Death.
In recompence (for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompence beſt merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupl'd not to eat
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with Female charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Sky lowr'd and muttering Thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſoothe
Him with her lov'd ſociety, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They ſwim in mirth, and fanſie that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to ſcorn the Earth: but that falſe Fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd,
Carnal deſire enflaming, he on *Eve*
Began to caſt laſcivious Eye, ſhe him

As wantonly repaid ; in Luſt they burn
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte ,
And elegant, of Sapience no ſmall part ,
Since to each meaning ſavour we apply ,
And Palate call judicious ; I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting ; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wiſh'd ;
For this one Tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſht, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious Fare ;
For never did thy Beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee , fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this vertuous Tree.

So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of *Eve*, whoſe Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he ſeis'd , and to a ſhadie Bank,
Thick over head with verdant roof imbowr'd
He led her nothing loath : Flow'rs were the Couch,
Panſies, and Violets, and Aſphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earths freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of Love and Love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the Seal,
The ſolace of their Sin, till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,

That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their ſpirits had plaid, and inmoſt powers
Made err, was now exhal'd, and groſſer ſleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them, up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their Eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darkn'd; innocence, that as a Veil
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Juſt Confidence, and native Righteouſneſs
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty ſhame he cover'd, but his Robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the *Danite* ſtrong
Herculean Samſon from the Harlot-lap
Of *Philiſtean Dalilah*, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength; They deſtitute and bare
Of all their vertue: ſilent, and in face
Confounded long they ſate, ſtruck'n mute,
Till *Adam*, though not leſs than *Eve* abaſht,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe Worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our Fall,
Falſe in our promis'd Riſing, ſince our Eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find vve knovv
Both Good and Evil, Good loſt, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knovvledge, if this be to knovv,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Purity,
Our vvonted Ornaments novv ſoild and ſtain'd,
And in our Faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence; vvhence evil ſtore;
Even ſhame, the laſt of Evils; of the firſt

Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earſt with joy
And rapture ſo oft beheld ? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt Woods impenetrable
To Star or Sun-light ſpread their umbrage broad
And brown as Evening : Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may from the preſent ſerve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen,
Some Tree whoſe broad ſmooth Leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counſel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt Wood, there ſoon they choſe
The Fig-tree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But ſuch as at this day to *Indians* known
In *Malabar* or *Decan* ſpreads her Armes
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard ſhade
High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between;
There oft the *Indian* Herdſman ſhunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickeſt ſhade : Thoſe Leaves
They gather'd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,
And with what skill they had, together ſow'd,

To gird their Waſte, vain Covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded ſhame; Oh how unlike
To that firſt naked Glory! Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* ſo girt
With feather'd Cincture, naked elſe and wild
Among the Trees on Iſles and woody Shores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, their ſhame in part
Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of Mind,
They ſate them down to weep, nor onely Tears
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high Paſſions, Anger, Hate,
Miſtruſt, Suſpicion, Diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward State of Mind, calm Region once
And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For Underſtanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual Appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping over ſov'reign Reaſon claim'd
Superiour ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtile,
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renew'd.

Would thou hadſt hearkn'd to my words, and ſtay'd
With me, as I beſought thee when that ſtrange
Deſire of wandring this unhappy Morn,
I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee: we had then
Remain'd ſtill happy, not as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to approve
The Faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*.
What words have paſt thy Lips, *Adam* ſevere,

Imput'ſt

Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happn'd thou being by,
Or to thy ſelf perhaps: hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the Serpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a liveleſs Rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the Head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facil then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fixt in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then firſt incens'd *Adam* reply'd,
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingratefull *Eve*, expreſt
Immutable when thou wert loſt, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather Death with thee:
And am I now upbraided, as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I alſo

I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee; but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtruſting
Lets her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook,
And left to her ſelf, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.

Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf-condemning,
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.

B. de Medina Inven.

M. Burgeese sculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's Tranſgreſſion known, the Guardian Angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan *could not be by them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the Tranſgreſſors, who deſcends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reaſcends.* Sin *and* Death *ſitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of* Satan *in this new world, and the Sin by Man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow* Satan *their Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way eaſier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad High-way or Bridge over* Chaos, *according to the Track that* Satan *firſt made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his ſucceſs returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation.* Satan *arrives at* Pandemonium, *in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt Man; inſtead of applauſe is entertain'd with a general hiſs by all his audience, transform'd with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhew of the forbidden Tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of* Sin *and* Death; *God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his Angels to make ſeveral alterations in the Heavens and Elements.* Adam *more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of* Eve; *ſhe perſiſts and at length appeaſes him: then to evade the Curſe likely to fall on their Offspring, propoſes to* Adam *violent ways which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promiſe made them, that her Seed ſhould be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek Peace of the offended Deity, by Repentance and Supplication.*

Mean

MEan while the heinous and deſpightfull act
Of *Satan* done in Paradiſe, and how
He in the Serpent, had perverted *Eve*,
Her Husband ſhe, to taſte the fatal Fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can ſcape the Eye
Of God All-ſeeing, or deceive his Heart
Omniſcient, who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the mind
Of Man, with ſtrength entire, and free will arm'd,
Complete to have diſcover'd and repulſt
Whatever wiles of Foe or ſeeming Friend?
For ſtill they knew, and ought to have ſtill remember'd
The high Injunction not to taſte that Fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd, what could they leſs, the penalty,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' Angelic Guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For Man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wondring how the ſubtile Fiend had ſtoln
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard, dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time Celeſtial viſages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the Throne Supreme
Accountable made haſte to make appear
With righteous Plea, their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt High
Eternal Father from his ſecret Cloud,
Amidſt in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Aſſembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmaid,
Nor troubl'd at theſe tidings from the Earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this Tempter croſs'd the Gulf from Hell.
I told you then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad Errand, Man ſhould be ſeduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no Decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his Fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free Will, to her own inclining left
In even ſcale. But fall'n he is, and now
What reſts but that the mortal Sentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, Death denounc'd that day,
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroak; but ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance e'er day end:
Juſtice ſhall not return as bounty ſcorn'd.
But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell,
Eaſie it might be ſeen that I intend
Mercy collegue with Juſtice ſending thee
Man's Friend, his Mediatour, his deſign'd
Both Ranſom and Redeemer voluntary,
And deſtin'd Man himſelf to Judge Man fall'n.

So ſpake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity; he full

Reſplendent all his Father manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd mild.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to doe thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
May'ſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge,
On Earth theſe thy tranſgreſſours, but thou know'ſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on me muſt light,
When time ſhall be, for ſo I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd; yet I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with Mercy, as may illuſtrate moſt
Them fully ſatisfied, and thee appeaſe.
Attendance none ſhall need, nor Train, where none
Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg'd,
Thoſe two; the third beſt abſent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus ſaying, from his radiant Seat he roſe
Of high collateral glory: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedoms, and Dominations miniſtrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coaſt in proſpect lay,
Down he deſcended ſtreight; the ſpeed of Gods
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in Weſtern cadence low
From Noon, and gentle Airs due at their hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The Evening cool, when he from wrath more cool'd
Came the mild Judge and Interceſſour both
To ſentence Man: the voice of God they heard

Now

Now walking in the Garden, by ſoft winds
Brought to their Ears, while day declin'd, they heard;
And from his Preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unſaught:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though firſt
To offend, diſcount'nanc'd both, and diſcompos'd;
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus anſwer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid my ſelf. To whom
The gratious Judge without revile repl'yd.

My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoyc'd, how is it now become
So dreadfull to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* ſore beſet reply'd.
O Heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
My ſelf the total Crime, or to accuſe

My other ſelf, the partner of my life ;
Whoſe failing, while her Faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint ? but ſtrict neceſſity
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint
Left on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd ; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceal.
This Woman whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo Divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill,
And what ſhe did, whatever in it ſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtifie the deed ;
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Preſence thus reply'd.
Was ſhe thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice, or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superiour, or but equal, that to her
Thou didſt reſign thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God ſet thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
Were ſuch as under Government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And perſon, hadſt thou known thy ſelf aright.

So having ſaid, he thus to *Eve* in few :
Say Woman, what is this which thou haſt done ?

To whom ſad *Eve* with ſhame nigh over-whelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſht reply'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The Guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his Creation; juſtly then accurſt,
As vitiated in Nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (ſince he no farther knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in Sin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the Serpent thus his curſe let fall.

Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurſt
Above all Cattel, each Beaſt of the Field;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou ſhalt goe,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her Seed;
Her Seed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.

So ſpake this Oracle, then verifi'd
When *Jeſus* Son of *Mary* ſecond *Eve*,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Air; then riſing from his Grave
Spoil'd Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open ſhew, and with Aſcenſion bright

Captivity

Captivity led captive through the Air,
The Realm it ſelf of Satan long uſurpt,
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy Conception; Children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth, and to thy Husband's will
Thine ſhalt ſubmit, he over thee ſhall rule.

On *Adam* laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou haſt heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake, thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life;
Thorns alſo and Thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou ſhalt eat th' Herb of the Field,
In the ſweat of thy Face ſhalt thou eat Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground waſt taken, know thy Birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour ſent,
And th' inſtant ſtroke of Death denounc't that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they ſtood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of ſervant to aſſume,
As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now
As Father of his Family he clad
Their nakedneſs with Skins of Beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the Snake with youthfull Coat repaid;

And

And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor he their outward onely with the Skins
Of Beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of Righteouſneſs,
Arraying cover'd from his Father's ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up return'd,
Into his bliſsfull boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had paſt with Man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Mean while e'er thus was ſinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell ſat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into *Chaos*, ſince the Fiend paſt through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Authour thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his Offspring dear? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
E'er this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avengers, ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connatural force
Powerfull at greateſt diſtance to unite
With ſecret amity things of like kind
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inſeparable muſt with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can ſeparate.

But

But leſt the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulf
Impaſſable, Impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Main from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevails, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Hoaſt,
Eaſing their Paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and inſtinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow anſwer'd ſoon.
Go whither Fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee, I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, ſuch a ſcent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So ſaying, with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Againſt the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With ſcent of living Carcaſſes deſign'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight.
So ſcented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Noſtril wide into the murky Air,
Sagacious of his Quarry from ſo far.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waſte
Wide Anarchy of *Chaos* damp and dark

Flew

Flew divers, and with Power (their Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or ſlimy, as in raging Sea
Toſt up and down, together crowded drove
From each ſide ſhoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two polar Winds blowing adverſe
Upon the *Cronian* Sea together drive
Mountains of Ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Petſora* Eaſtward, to the rich
Cathaian Coaſt. The aggregated Soil
Death with his Mace petrifick, cold and dry,
As with a Trident ſmote, and fix'd as firm
As *Delos* floating once; the reſt his look
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigour not to move,
And with *Aſphaltick* ſlime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They faſten'd, and the Mole immenſe wraught on
Over the foaming deep high Arch'd, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
Immovable of this now fenceleſs world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſie, inoffenſive down to Hell.
So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Liberty of *Greece* to yoke,
From *Suſa* his *Memnonian* Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over *Helleſpont*
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Aſia* joyn'd,
And ſcourg'd with many a ſtroak th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyſs, following the track
Of *Satan*, to the ſelf ſame place where he
Firſt lighted from his Wing, and landed ſafe
From out of *Chaos* to the outſide bare

Of this round World: with Pins of Adamant
And chains they made all faſt, too faſt they made
And durable; and now in little ſpace
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three ſev'ral ways
In ſight, to each of theſe three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had deſcry'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending, when behold
Satan in likeneſs of an Angel bright
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* ſteering
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* roſe:
Diſguis'd he came, but thoſe his Children dear
Their Parent ſoon diſcern'd, though in diſguiſe.
He after *Eve* ſeduc'd, unminded ſlunk
Into the Wood faſt by, and changing ſhape
T' obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guilefull act
By *Eve*, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her Husband, ſaw their ſhame that ſought
Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
He fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun
The preſent, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might ſuddenly inflict; that paſt, return'd
By Night, and liſtening where the hapleſs Pair
Sate in their ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which underſtood
Not inſtant, but of future time. With joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of *Chaos*, near the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop'd
Met, who to meet him came, his Offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at ſight
Of that ſtupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.

Long

Long, he admiring ſtood, till Sin, his fair
Inchanting Daughter, thus the ſilence broke.

O Parent, theſe are thy magnifick deeds,
Thy Trophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own,
Thou art their Author and prime Architect:
For I no ſooner in my Heart divin'd,
My Heart, which by a ſecret harmony
Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion ſweet,
That thou on Earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
Now alſo evidence, but ſtreight I felt
Though diſtant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
That I muſt after thee with this thy Son;
Such fatal conſequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obſcure
Detain from following thy illuſtrious track.
Thou haſt atchiev'd our liberty confin'd
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
To fortifie thus far, and overlay
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyſs.
Thine now is all this World, thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy Wiſedom gain'd
With odds what war hath loſt, and fully aveng'd
Our Foil in Heav'n; here thou ſhalt Monarch reign,
There didſt not; there let him ſtill Victour ſway,
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds,
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkneſs anſwer'd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
Of *Satan* (for I glory in the name,
Antagoniſt of Heav'ns Almighty King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal Empire, that ſo near Heav'ns door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of eaſie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Deſcend through Darkneſs, on your Rode with eaſe
To my aſſociate Powers, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoyce,
Ye two this way, among theſe numerous Orbs
All yours right down to Paradiſe deſcend;
There dwell and Reign in bliſs, thence on the Earth
Dominion exerciſe and in the Air,
Chiefly on Man, ſole Lord of all declar'd,
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My Subſtitutes I ſend you, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joynt vigour now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevails, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear, go and be ſtrong.

So ſaying he diſmiſt them, they with ſpeed
Their courſe through thickeſt Conſtellations held
Spreading their bane; the blaſted Stars look'd wan,
And Planets, Planet-ſtruck, real Eclipſe
Then ſuffer'd. Th' other way *Satan* went down

The

The Cauſey to Hell Gate; on either ſide
Diſparted *Chaos* over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding ſurge the bars aſſail'd,
That ſcorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* paſs'd,
And all about found deſolate; for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper World; the reſt were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandæmonium*, City and proud Seat
Of *Lucifer*, ſo by alluſion call'd,
Of that bright Star to *Satan* paragond,
There kept their Watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council ſate, ſolicitous what chance
Might intercept their Emperour ſent, ſo he
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd.
As when the *Tartar* from his *Ruſſian* Foe
By *Aſtracan* over the Snowy Plains
Retires, or *Bactrian* Sophy from the Horns
Of *Turkiſh* Creſcent, leaves all waſte beyond
The Realm of *Aladule*, in his retreat
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So theſe the late
Heav'n-baniſht Hoaſt, left deſart utmoſt Hell
Many a dark League, reduc'd in carefull Watch
Round their Metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer from the ſearch
Of Foreign Worlds: he through the midſt unmark'd,
In ſhew Plebeian Angel militant
Of loweſt order, paſt; and from the door
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, inviſible
Aſcended his high Throne, which under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpred, at th' upper end
Was plac'd in regal luſtre. Down a while
He ſate and round about him ſaw unſeen:

At laſt as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And ſhape Star bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permiſſive Glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter: All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
Bent their aſpect, and whom they wiſh'd beheld,
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting Peers,
Rais'd from their Dark *Divan*, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with theſe words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
For in poſſeſſion ſuch, not only of right,
I call you and declare you now, return'd
Succeſsfull beyond hope, to lead you forth
Triumphat out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accurſt, the houſe of woe,
And dungeon of our Tyrant: Now poſſeſs,
As Lords, a ſpatious World to our native Heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what ſuffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vaſt, unbounded deep
Of horrible confuſion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable Abyſs, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wild,
That jealous of their ſecrets fiercely oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproar
Proteſting Fate ſupreme; thence how I found
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n

Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderfull
Of abſolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradiſe, by our exile
Made happy: Him by fraud I have ſeduc'd
From his Creatour, and the more t' increaſe
Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and ſo to us,
Without our hazard, labour or allarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
True is, me alſo he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute Serpent in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and Mankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His Seed, when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
A World who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliſs?

So having ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
Their univerſal ſhout and high applauſe
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of publick ſcorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leiſure, wondring at himſelf now more;
His Viſage drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Legs entwining
Each other, till ſupplanted down he fell
A monſtrous Serpent on his Belly prone,

Reluctant, but in vain, a greater power
Now rul'd him, puniſh'd in the ſhape he ſinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to Serpents all as acceſſories
To his bold Riot: dreadfull was the din
Of hiſſing through the Hall, thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters head and tail,
Scorpion and Aſp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,
Ceraſtes horn'd, *Hydrus* and *Ellops* drear,
And *Dipſas* (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the Soil
Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Iſle
Ophiuſa) but ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
Ingender'd in the *Pythian* Vale on ſlime,
Huge *Python*, and his Power no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain; they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open Field,
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In Triumph iſſuing forth their glorious Chief;
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a crowd
Of ugly Serpents; horrour on them fell,
And horrid Sympathy; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion, like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
A Grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,

His

His Will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their Penance, laden with Fruit like that
Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of *Eve*
Us'd by the Tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them farther woe or ſhame;
Yet parcht with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the Trees
Climbing, ſate thicker than the ſnaky locks
That curl'd *Megæra*: greedily they pluck'd
The Fruitage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
This more deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of Fruit
Chewd bitter Aſhes, which th' offended taſte
With ſpattering noiſe rejected: oft they aſſay'd,
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drugd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd; ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapſt. Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with Famine long and ceaſleſs hiſs,
Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd,
Yearly enjoyn'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy for Man ſeduc'd.
However ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchaſe got,
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had firſt the rule

Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
And *Ops*, e'er yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.
Mean while in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horſe: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second of *Satan* ſprung, all conquering *Death*,
What think'ſt thou of our Empire now, though earn'd
With Travel difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at Hells dark threſhold to have ſate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy ſelf half ſtarv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal Famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heaven,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this Maw, this vaſt unhide-bound Corpſe.

To whom th' inceſtuous Mother thus reply'd.
Thou therefore on theſe Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours
Feed firſt, on each Beaſt next, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
No homely morſels, and whatever thing,
The Sythe of Time mowes down, devour unſpar'd,
Till I in Man reſiding through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.

This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral ways,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature

Sooner

Sooner or later; which th' Almighty ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent Seat the Saints among,
To thoſe bright Orders utter'd thus his voice.

See with what heat theſe Dogs of Hell advance
To waſte and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good created; and had ſtill
Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man
Let in theſe waſtefull Furies, who impute
Folly to me, ſo doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with ſo much eaſe
I ſuffer them to enter and poſſeſs
A place ſo heav'nly, and conniving ſeem
To gratifie my ſcornfull Enemies,
That laugh, as if tranſported with ſome fit
Of Paſſion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their miſrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which Man's polluting Sin with taint hath ſhed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burſt
With ſuck'd and glutted offal, at one ſling
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleaſing Son,
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at laſt
Through *Chaos* hurl'd, obſtruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and ſeal up his ravenous Jaws.
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd ſhall be made pure
To ſanctity that ſhall receive no ſtain:
Till then the Curſe pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
Sung *Hallelujah*, as the ſound of Seas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;

Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Deſtin'd reſtorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth ſhall to the Ages riſe,
Or down from Heav'n deſcend. Such was their ſong
While the Creatour calling forth by name
His mighty Angels gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The Sun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solſtitial ſummers heat. To the blanck Moon
Her office they preſcrib'd, to th' other five
Their planetary Motions and Aſpects
In *Sextile*, *Square* and *Trine*, and *Oppoſite*,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to joyn
In Synod unbenign, and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to ſhowre,
Which of them riſing with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: To the Winds they ſet
Their corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, Air and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowl
With terrour through the dark Aerial Hall.
Some ſay he bid his Angels turn aſcanſe
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the Centrick Globe: Some ſay the Sun
Was bid turn from the Equinoctial Rode
Like diſtant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Siſters and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropick* Crab; thence down amain
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorn*, to bring in change
Of Seaſons to each Clime; elſe had the Spring

Perpe-

Perpetual ſmil'd on Earth with vernant Flowers,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted ſhone, while the low Sun
To recompence his diſtance, in their ſight
Had rounded ſtill th' *Horizon*, and not known
Of Eaſt or Weſt, which had forbid the Snow
From cold *Eſtotiland*, and South as far
Beneath *Magellan*. At that taſted Fruit
The Sun, as from *Thyeſtean* Banquet, turn'd
His courſe intended; elſe how had the World
Inhabited, though ſinleſs, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and ſcorching heat?
Theſe changes in the Heav'ns, though ſlow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, ſideral blaſt,
Vapour, and Miſt, and Exhalation hot,
Corrupt and Peſtilent: Now from the North
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* ſhoar
Burſting their brazen Dungeon, arm'd with Ice
And Snow and Hail and Stormy Guſt and flaw,
Boreas and *Cæcias* and *Argeſtes* loud
And *Thraſcias* rend the Woods and Seas up-turn;
With adverſe blaſt up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
From *Serraliona*; thwart of theſe as fierce
Forth ruſh the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Winds
Eurus and *Zephir* with their lateral noiſe,
Sirocco, and *Libecchio*. Thus began
Outrage from liveleſs things; but Diſcord firſt
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beaſt now with Beaſt gan war, and Fowl with Fowl:
And Fiſh with Fiſh; to graze the Herb all leaving
Devour'd each other; nor ſtood much in awe,

Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him paſſing: theſe were from without
The growing miſeries, which *Adam* ſaw
Already in part though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
To ſorrow abandon'd, but worſe felt within,
And in a troubl'd Sea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to diſburd'n ſought with ſad complaint.

O miſerable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and me ſo late
The Glory of that Glory, who now become
Accurſt of bleſſed, hid me from the face
Of God, who to behold was then my height
Of happineſs? yet well, if here would end
The miſery, I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Encreaſe* and *Multiply*,
Now Death to hear! for what can I encreaſe
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who of all Ages to ſucceed but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My Head, ill fare our Anceſtour impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradiſe, dear bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I ſolicite thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place

In

In this delicious Garden? as my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign, and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
Sufficient penalty, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? inexplicable
Thy Juſtice ſeems; yet to ſay truth, too late,
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
Theſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son,
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me? I ſought it not;
Wouldſt thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuſe? yet him not thy election,
But natural neceſſity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him, thy reward was of his Grace,
Thy puniſhment then juſtly is at his Will,
Be it ſo, for I ſubmit, his doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return:
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and length'nd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be Earth
Inſenſible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadfull voice no more

Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my Offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die,
Leſt that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place who knows
But I ſhall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the Body properly hath neither,
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt ſince humane reach no farther knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on Man whom Death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as Argument
Of weakneſs, not of Power. Will he draw out,
For angers ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd man, to ſatisfie his rigour
Satisfi'd never? that were to extend
His Sentence beyond duſt and Nature's Law,
By which all Cauſes elſe, according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own Sphere. But ſay
That Death be not one ſtroak, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear

Comes thundring back with dreadfull revolution
On my defenſleſs head; both Death and I
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curſt: Fair Patrimony
That I muſt leave you, Sons; O were I able
To waſte it all my ſelf, and leave you none!
So diſinherited how would you bleſs
Me now ye curſe! Ah, why ſhould all Mankind
For one Man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
Not to doe only, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? Him after all Diſputes
Forc'd I abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, though through Mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction: firſt and laſt
On me, me only, as the ſourſe and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
That burthen heavier than the Earth to bear,
Than all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.
O Conſcience, into what Abyſs of fears
And horrours haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus *Adam* to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill Night, not now, as e'er man fell,

Wholeſom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadfull gloom,
Which to his evil Conſcience repreſented
All things with double terrour: on the Ground
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, ſince denounc'd
The day of his Offence. Why comes not Death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? ſhall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice Divine not haſt'n to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call, Juſtice Divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for prayers or cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs,
With other echo late I taught your Shades
To anſwer, and reſound far other Song.
Whom thus afflicted when ſad *Eve* beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd,
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my ſight, thou Serpent, that name beſt
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy ſelf as falſe
And hatefull; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may ſhew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happy, had not thy pride
And wandring vanity, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted, longing to be ſeen
Though by the Devil himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting

Fool'd

Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults,
And underſtood not all was but a ſhew
Rather than ſolid vertue, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found. O why did God
Creatour wiſe, that peopl'd higheſt Heav'n
With Spirits Maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? this miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall, innumerable
Diſturbances on Earth through Female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit Mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake,
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs, but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe, or if ſhe love, withheld
By Parents, or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and Wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To humane Life, and houſhold peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
Not ſo repulſt, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, beſaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forſake me not thus, *Adam*, witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My onely ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a Foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
On me already loſt, me than thy ſelf
More miſerable; both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God onely, I againſt God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me me onely juſt Object of his Ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught
Commiſeration; ſoon his heart relented
Towards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His Counſel whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,

And thus with peacefull words uprais'd her ſoon.

Unwary, and too deſirous, as before
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thy ſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer Sex forgiv'n
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere, but ſtrive
In offices of Love, how we may light'n
Each others burthen, in our ſhare of woe;
Since this days Death denounc'd, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac'd evil,
A long days dying to augment our pain,
And to our Seed (O hapleſs Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, reply'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate; nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopefull to regain
Thy Love, the ſole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breaſt are ris'n,
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at laſt, and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loins to bring
Into this curſed World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foul a Monſter, in thy power
It lies, yet e'er Conception to prevent
The Race unbleſt, to being yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, Childleſs remain:
So Death ſhall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From Love's due Rites, Nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſery
And torment leſs than none of what we dread.
Then both our ſelves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death, or he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his Office on our ſelves;
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the ſhorteſt chooſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?

She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of Death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her Cheeks with pale.
But *Adam* with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,

To

To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery, ſo thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengefull ire than ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leſt Death
So ſnatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacy will provoke the higheſt
To make Death in us live: Then let us ſeek
Some ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed ſhall bruiſe
The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By Death brought on our ſelves, or Childleſs days
Reſolv'd as thou propoſeſt; ſo our Foe
Shall ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and we
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt our ſelves, and wilfull barrenneſs
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavours onely

Rancour and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God and his juſt yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gratious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompenc'd with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On me the Curſe aſlope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I muſt earn
My bread; what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me; and leſt Cold
Or Heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſought provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us farther by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement Seaſons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Sky with various Face begins
To ſhew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the gracefull locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading Trees? which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh
Our Limbs benumm'd, e'er this diurnal Star
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd Beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Juſtling or puſh'd with Winds rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant Lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n down
Kindles the gummy bark of Firr or Pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,

Which

Which might ſupply the Sun: Such Fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedy or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
He will inſtruct us praying, and of Grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we doe, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the Air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favour, grace, and mercy ſhone?

So ſpake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the Air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.

Medina Invent. MBurg. sculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God preſents to his Father the Prayers of our firſt Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they muſt no longer abide in Paradiſe; ſends Michael *with a Band of Cherubim to diſpoſſeſs them; but firſt to reveal to* Adam *future things:* Michael's *coming down.* Adam *ſhews to* Eve *certain ominous ſigns; he diſcerns* Michael's *approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure,* Eve's *Lamentation.* Adam *pleads, but ſubmits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, ſets before him in viſion what ſhall happen till the Flood.*

THus they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying, for from the Mercy-ſeat above
Prevenient Grace deſcending had remov'd
The ſtony from their hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerate grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of Prayer
Inſpir'd and wing'd for Heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Than loudeſt Oratory: yet their port
Not of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
Seem'd their Petition, than when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, leſs ancient yet than theſe,
Deucalion and chaſt *Pyrrha* to reſtore
The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine
Of *Themis* ſtood devout. To Heav'n their Prayers

Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimentionleſs through Heav'nly doors; then clad
With incenſe, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By their great Interceſſour, came in ſight
Before the Father's Throne: Them the glad Son
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what firſt fruits on Earth are ſprung
From thy implanted Grace in Man, theſe Sighs
And Prayers, which in this Golden Cenſer, mix'd
With Incenſe, I thy Prieſt before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleaſing ſavour from thy ſeed
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, than thoſe
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
Of Paradiſe could have produc'd, e'er fall'n
From Innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To ſupplication, hear his ſighs though mute;
Unskilfull with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate
And propitiation, all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my Merit thoſe
Shall perfect, and for theſe my Death ſhall pay.
Accept me, and in me from theſe receive
The ſmell of peace toward Mankind, let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at leaſt his days
Number'd, though ſad, till Death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverſe)
To better life ſhall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliſs,
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, ſerene.
All thy requeſt for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain,

Obtain, all thy requeſt was my Decree:
But longer in that Paradiſe to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Thoſe pure immortal Elements that know
No groſs, no unharmoneous mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a diſtemper, groſs to air as groſs,
And mortal Food, as may diſpoſe him beſt
For diſſolution wrought by Sin, that firſt
Diſtemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at firſt with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with Happineſs
And Immortality: that fondly loſt,
This other ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided Death; ſo Death becomes
His final remedy, and after Life
Try'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithfull works, to ſecond Life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the juſt,
Reſigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to Synod all the Bleſt
Through Heav'ns wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My Judgments, how with Mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they ſaw;
And in their ſtate though firm, ſtood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave ſignal high
To the bright Miniſter that watch'd, he blew
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* ſince perhaps
When God deſcended, and perhaps once more
To ſound at general Doom. Th' Angelick blaſt
Fill'd all the Regions: from their bliſsfull Bowrs
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where e'er they ſate

In fellowſhips of joy : the Sons of Light,
Haſted, reſorting to the Summons high,
And took their Seats ; till from his Throne ſupreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his ſov'reign Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, ſince his taſte
Of that defended Fruit ; but let him boaſt
His knowledge of Good loſt, and Evil got,
Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by it ſelf, and Evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him, longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Leſt therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoil.

Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, leſt the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion ſome new trouble raiſe:
Haſte thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinfull Pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their Progeny from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leſt they faint
At the ſad Sentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoftn'd and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terrour hide.

If

If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveal
To *Adam* what ſhall come in future days,
As I ſhall thee enlighten, intermix
My Cov'nant in the Woman's ſeed renew'd;
So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the Eaſt-ſide of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from *Eden* eaſieſt climbs,
Cherubick watch, and of a Sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the Tree of Life:
Leſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To Spirits foul, and all my Trees their prey,
With whoſe ſtol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelick Pow'r prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent, with him the Cohort bright
Of watchfull Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double *Janus*, all their ſhape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous than thoſe
Of *Argus*, and more wakefull than to drouze,
Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Paſtoral Reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
To re-ſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews inbalm'd
The Earth, when *Adam* and firſt Matron *Eve*
Had ended now their Oriſons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
Out of deſpair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, eaſily may Faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n deſcends;
But that from us ought ſhould aſcend to Heav'n

So

So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bleſt, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may ſeem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one ſhort ſigh of humane breath, up-born
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For ſince I ſought
By Prayer th' offended Deity to appeaſe,
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
Methought I ſaw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; perſwaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my Breaſt, and to my memory
His promiſe, that thy Seed ſhall bruiſe our Foe;
Which then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is Paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence Hail to thee
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with ſad demeanour meek.
Ill worthy I ſuch Title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſour, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who firſt brought Death on all, am grac'd
The ſourſe of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchſaf'ſt,
Far other name deſerving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs Night; for ſee the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſie progreſs ſmiling, let us forth,
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,

Where-

Wheree'er our days work lies, though now enjoyn'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſom in theſe pleaſant Walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate content.

So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
Subſcrib'd not; Nature firſt gave Signs, impreſt
On Bird, Beaſt, Air, Air ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of Morn; nigh in her ſight
The Bird of *Jove*, ſtoop'd from his aiery tow'r,
Two Birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beaſt that reigns in Woods,
Firſt hunter then purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the Foreſt, Hart and Hinde;
Direct to th' Eaſtern Gate was bent their flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his Eye the chaſe
Purſuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus ſpake.

O *Eve*, ſome farther change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in Nature ſhews
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penalty, becauſe from death releas'd
Some days; how long and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return and be no more.
Why elſe this double Object in our ſight
Of flight purſu'd in th' Air and o'er the ground
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the Eaſt
Darkneſs e'er Days mid-courſe, and Morning light
More orient in yon Weſtern Cloud that draws
O'er the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And ſlow deſcends, with ſomething heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Sky of Jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a Hill made alt,
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adam*'s eye.
Nor that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim* where he ſaw
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appear'd
In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
Againſt the *Syrian* King, who to ſurprize
One Man, Aſſaſſine like, had levied War,
War unproclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch
In their bright ſtand, there left his Pow'rs to ſeiſe
Poſſeſſion of the Garden; he alone,
To find where *Adam* ſhelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,
While the great Viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine, or impoſe
New Laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcry
From yonder Blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Hoaſt, and by his Gate
None of the meaneſt, ſome great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch Majeſty
Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear, nor ſociably mild,
As *Raphael*, that I ſhould much confide,
But ſolemn, whom not to offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape Celeſtial, but as Man

Clad

Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms
A military Veſt of purple flow'd
Livelier than *Melibœan*, or the grain
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Heroes old
In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;
His ſtarry Helm unbuckl'd ſhew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his ſide
As in a gliſtering *Zodiack* hung the Sword;
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bow'd low, he Kingly from his State
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Adam, Heav'ns high beheſt no Preface needs:
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeiſure many days
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou mayſt repent,
And one bad Act with many Deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the Garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt tak'n, fitter Soil.

He added not, for *Adam* at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound; *Eve*, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.

O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of Death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, Native Soil, theſe happy Walks and Shades,

Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpit of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowrs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt op'ning bud, and gave you Names,
Who now ſhall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambroſial Fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obſcure
And wild, how ſhall we breathe in other Air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, *Eve*, but patiently reſign
What juſtly thou haſt loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy Native ſoil.

Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatter'd ſpirits return'd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words addreſs'd.

Celeſtial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Higheſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above Princes, gently haſt thou told
Thy Meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow and dejection and deſpair

Our

Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tydings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and onely conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places elſe
Inhoſpitable appear and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But prayer againſt his abſolute Decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed countenance; here I could frequent,
With worſhip, place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood viſible, among theſe Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many gratefull Altars I would rear
Of graſſie Turf, and pile up every Stone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling Gumms and Fruits and Flowrs:
In yonder nether World where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſtep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt skirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.

To

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'ſt Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipreſence fills
Land, Sea and Air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All th' Earth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
No deſpicable gift; ſurmiſe not then
His preſence to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradiſe or *Eden*: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seat, from whence had ſpred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great Progenitour.
But this præeminence thou haſt loſt, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons;
Yet doubt not but in Valley and in Plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs and paternal Love, his Face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the track Divine.
Which that thou mayſt believe, and be confirm'd
E'er thou from hence depart, know I am ſent
To ſhew thee what ſhall come in future days
To thee and to thy Offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, ſupernal Grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of Men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious ſorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation, either ſtate to bear,
Proſperous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Safeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd endure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend

This

This Hill ; let *Eve* (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here ſleep below while thou to foreſight wak'ſt,
As once thou ſlepſt, while She to life was form'd.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd.
Aſcend, I follow thee, ſafe Guide, the path
Thou lead'ſt me, and to th' hand of Heav'n ſubmit,
However chaſtning, to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labour won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the Viſions of God: It was a Hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The Hemiſphere of Earth in cleareſt Ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the Tempter ſet
Our ſecond *Adam* in the Wilderneſs,
To ſhew him all Earths Kingdoms and their Glory.
His Eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightieſt Empire, from the deſtin'd Walls
Of *Cambalu*, ſeat of *Cathaian Can*
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
Down to the golden *Cherſoneſe*, or where
The *Perſian* in *Ecbatan* ſate, or ſince
In *Hiſpahan*, or where the *Ruſſian Kſar*
In *Moſco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turcheſtan-born ; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmoſt Port
Ercoco and the leſs *Maritim* Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,

And

And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realm
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fartheſt South;
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
The Kingdoms of *Almanſor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,
Morocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremiſen*:
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to ſway
The World: in Spirit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich *Mexico* the ſeat of *Motezume*,
And *Cuſco* in *Peru*, the richer ſeat
Of *Atibalipa*, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great City *Geryons* Sons
Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler ſights
Michael from *Adam*'s eyes the Film remov'd
Which that falſe Fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with Euphraſie and Rue
The Viſual Nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the Well of Life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the power of theſe Ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That *Adam* now enforc'd to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranc'd:
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy Original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His Eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part Arable and Tilth, whereon were Sheaves
New reapt, the other part Sheep-walks and foulds;

I'th

Th' midſt an Altar as the Land-mark ſtood
Ruſtick of graſſie ſord; thither anon
A ſweaty Reaper from his Tillage brought
Firſt Fruits, the green Ear, and the yellow Sheaf
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firſtlings of his Flock
Choiceſt and beſt, then ſacrificing, laid
The Inwards and their Fat, with Incenſe ſtrew'd
On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
His Offering ſoon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and gratefull ſteam;
The others not, for his was not ſincere;
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his Soul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at that ſight was *Adam* in his heart
Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek Man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is Piety thus and pure Devotion paid?

T' whom *Michael* thus, he alſo mov'd, reply'd.
Theſe two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envy that his Brother's Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, though here thou ſee him dye,
Rowling in duſt and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen Death? Is this the way

I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim Cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall dye,
By Fire, Flood, Famine, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſery th' inabſtinence of *Eve*
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noyſom, dark,
A Lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of ghaſtly Spaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick Agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulſions, Epilepſies, fierce Catarrhs,
Inteſtine Stone and Ulcer, Colick pangs,
Demoniack Phrenzie, moaping Melancholly
And Moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining Atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting Peſtilence,
Dropſies, and Aſthmaes, and Joynt-racking Rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deepthe groans, Deſpair
Tended the ſick buſieſt from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight ſo deform what heart of Rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept

Though

Though not of Woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of Man, and gave him up to tears
A ſpace, till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs
And ſcarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miſerable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd?
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wreſted from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be ſo diſmiſt in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty ſince,
To ſuch unſightly ſufferings be debas'd
Under inhumane pains? Why ſhould not Man,
Retaining ſtill Divine ſimilitude
In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Maker's Image ſake exempt?

Their Maker's Image, anſwer'd *Michael*, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilifi'd
To ſerve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of *Eve*.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Diſfiguring not God's likeneſs but their own,
Or if his likeneſs, by themſelves defac'd
While they pervert pure Nature's healthfull rules
To loathſome ſickneſs, worthily, ſince they
God's Image did not reverence in themſelves.

I yield it juſt, ſaid *Adam*, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painfull paſſages, how we may come
To Death, and mix with our connatural duſt?

There is, ſaid *Michael*, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So mayſt thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak and gray; thy Senſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forgo,
To what thou haſt, and for the Air of youth
Hopefull and chearfull, in thy blood will reign
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy Spirits down, and laſt conſume
The Balm of Life. To whom our Anceſtour.

Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this combrous charge,
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. *Michael* reply'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt
Live well, how long or ſhort permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.

He

He look'd and ſaw a ſpatious Plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by ſome were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the ſound
Of Inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who mov'd
Their ſtops and chords was ſeen: his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two maſſie clods of Iron and Braſs
Had melted (whether found where caſual fire
Had waſted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To ſome Caves mouth, or whether waſh'd by ſtream
From underground) the liquid Ore he drein'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
Firſt his own Tools, then, what might elſe be wrought
Fuſil or grav'n in metal. After theſe,
But on the hither ſide a different ſort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was their Seat
Down to the Plain deſcended: by their guiſe
Juſt men they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton dreſs; to the Harp they ſung
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on:
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without Rein, till in the amorous Net
Firſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe;
And now of Love they treat till th' Evening Star

Love's

Love's Harbinger appear'd ; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage Rites invok'd ;
With Feaſt and Muſick all the Tents reſound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not loſt, Songs, Garlands, Flowrs,
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
Of *Adam*, ſoon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature ; which he thus expreſt.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleſt,
Much better ſeems this Viſion, and more hope
Of peacefull days portends, than thoſe two paſt ;
Thoſe were of Hate and Death, or pain much worſe,
Here Nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus *Michael*. Judge not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to Nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Thoſe Tents thou ſaw'ſt ſo pleaſant, were the Tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his Race
Who ſlew his Brother ; ſtudious they appear
Of Arts that poliſh Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindfull of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous Offspring ſhall beget ;
For that fair female Troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtick honour and chief praiſe ;
Bred onely and completed to the taſte
Of luſtfull appetence, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
To theſe that ſober Race of Men, whoſe lives

Religious

Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their vertue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair Atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
(E'erlong to ſwim at large) and laugh; for which
The world e'erlong a world of tears muſt weep.

To whom thus *Adam* of ſhort joy bereft.
O pity and ſhame, that they who to live well
Enter'd ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But ſtill I ſee the tenour of Man's woe
Holds on the ſame, from Woman to begin.

From Man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
Said th' Angel, who ſhould better hold his place
By wiſedom, and ſuperiour gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He look'd and ſaw wide Territory ſpread
Before him, Towns, and Rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concourſe in Arms, fierce Faces threatning War,
Giants of mighty Bone, and bold empriſe;
Part wield their Arms, part curb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horſe and Foot, nor idlely muſtring ſtood;
One way a Band ſelect from forage drives
A Herd of Beeves, fair Oxen and fair Kine
From a fat Meadow ground; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and their bleating Lambs over the Plain
Their Booty; ſcarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody Fray;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joyn;

Where

Where Cattle paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
With Carcaſſes and Arms th' enſanguin'd Field
Deſerted: Others to a City ſtrong
Lay Siege, encamp'd; by Battery, Scale, and Mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and ſulphurous Fire;
On each part the ſcepter'd Heralds call
To Council in the City Gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mix'd,
Aſſemble, and Harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition, till at laſt
Of middle Age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Juſtice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and Oppreſſion, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Death's Miniſters, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanely to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His Brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their Brethren, men of men?
But who was that Juſt Man, whom had not Heav'n
Reſcu'd, had in his Righteouſneſs been loſt?

To whom thus *Michael*. Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill mated Marriages thou ſaw'ſt:
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themſelves
Abhor to joyn: and by imprudence mix'd,

Produce

Produce prodigious Births of Body or Mind.
Such were theſe Giants, Men of high Renown;
For in thoſe days Might onely ſhall be admir'd,
And Valour and Heroick Vertue call'd,
To overcome in Battel, and ſubdue
Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Man-ſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of humane Glory, and for Glory done
Of triumph, to be ſtyl'd great Conquerours.
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods.
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of Men.
Thus Fame ſhall be atchiev'd, renown on Earth,
And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
But he the ſeventh from thee, whom thou beheldſt
The onely righteous in a World perverſe,
And therefore hated, therefore ſo beſet
With Foes for daring ſingle to be juſt,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: Him the moſt High
Rapp'd in a balmy Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou ſaw'ſt, receive, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliſs
Exempt from Death; to ſhew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment:
Which now direct thine eyes, and ſoon behold.

He look'd, and ſaw the face of things quite chang'd,
The brazen Throat of War had ceas'd to roar,
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting as befell,
Rape or Adultery, where paſſing fair
Allur'd them; thence from Cups to civil Broils.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,

And of their doings great diſlike declar'd,
And teſtifi'd againſt their ways; he oft
Frequented their Aſſemblies, whereſo met,
Triumphs or Feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and Repentance, as to Souls
In Priſon under Judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his Tents far off;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Veſſel of huge bulk,
Meaſur'd by Cubit, length and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with Pitch, and in the ſide a door
Contriv'd, and of Proviſions laid in large
For Man and Beaſt: when loe a wonder ſtrange!
Of every Beaſt and Bird, and Inſect ſmall
Came ſevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the Sire, and his three Sons
With their four Wives; and God made faſt the door.
Mean while the South wind roſe, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the Hills to their ſupply
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thickn'd Sky
Like a dark Ceiling ſtood; down ruſh'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was ſeen; the floating Veſſel ſwum
Uplifted; and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the Waves, all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without ſhoar; and in their Palaces
Where luxury late reign'd: Sea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabl'd; of Mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark'd.

How

How didſt thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
The end of all thy Offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation; thee another Floud,
Of tears and ſorrow a Floud thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
Though comfortleſs, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view deſtroy'd at once;
And ſcarce to th' Angel utter'dſt thus thy plaint.

O Viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had born
My part of evil onely, each days lot
Enough to bear; thoſe now that were diſpens'd
The burth'n of many Ages, on me light
At once by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me e'er their being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befall
Him or his Children, evil he may be ſure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion than in ſubſtance feel
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd
Famine and anguiſh will at laſt conſume
Wandring that watry Deſart: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and War on Earth
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With happy days the race of man,
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs than War to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfoul'd, Celeſtial Guide,
And whether here the Race of man will end.

To whom thus *Michael.* Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'ſt
In Triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent
And great exploits, but of true vertue void;
Who having ſpilt much blood, and done much waſte,
Subduing Nations, and atchiev'd thereby
Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe and ſloth,
Surfeit and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in Peace.
The conquer'd alſo and enſlav'd by War
Shall with their freedom loſt all vertue looſe
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of Battel found no aid
Againſt Invaders; therefore cold in zeal
Thenceforth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldly or diſſolute, on what their Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,
Juſtice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
One Man except, the onely Son of light
In a dark Age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a World
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſhold from amidſt

A world

A world devote to univerſal rack.
No ſooner he with them of Man and Beaſt
Select for life ſhall in the Ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n ſet open on the Earth ſhall powre
Rain day and night, all Fountains of the Deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the Ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt Hills: then ſhall this Mount
Of Paradiſe by might of Waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned floud,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root and Iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang;
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what farther ſhall enſue, behold.

He look'd, and ſaw the Ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen North-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear Sun on his wide watry Glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made their flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebb, that ſtole
With ſoft foot towards the deep, who now had ſtop'd
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows ſhut.
The Ark no more now flotes, but ſeems on ground
Faſt on the top of ſome high Mountain fix'd.
And now the top of Hills as Rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid Currents drive

Towards

Towards the retreating Sea their furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Ark a Raven flyes,
And after him, the ſurer meſſenger,
A Dove ſent forth once and again to ſpy
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The ſecond time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leaf he brings, pacifick ſign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his Ark
The ancient Sire deſcends with all his Train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Gratefull to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conſpicuous with three liſted colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erſt ſo ſad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

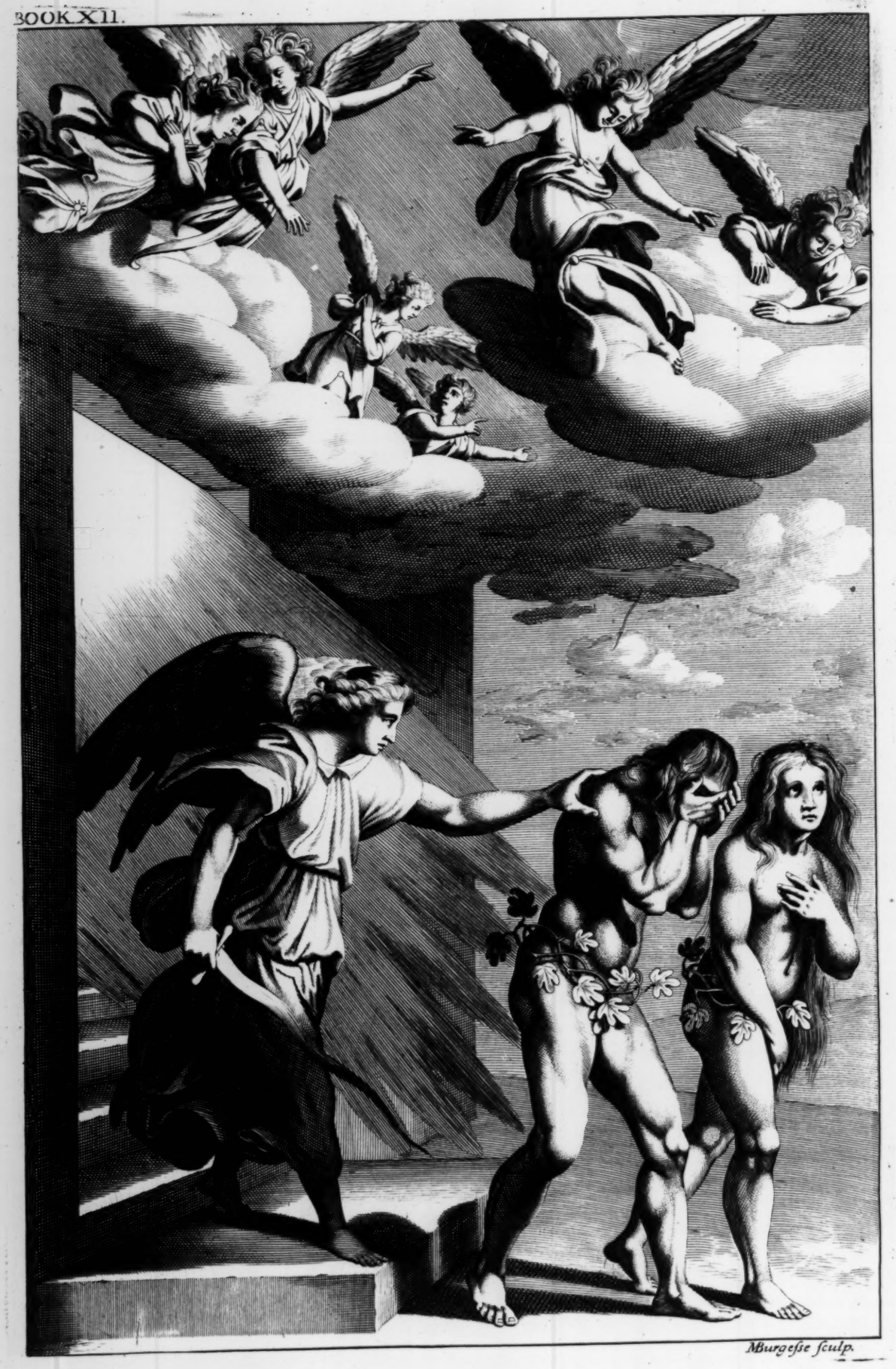
O thou who future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, Heav'nly Inſtructour, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that Man ſhall live
With all the Creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked Sons deſtroy'd, than I rejoyce
For one Man found ſo perfect and ſo juſt,
That God vouchſafes to raiſe another World
For him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay what mean thoſe colour'd ſtreaks in Heaven,
Diſtended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
Or ſerve they as a flowry verge to bind
The fluid Skirts of that ſame watry Cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve and ſhowr the Earth?

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,

Though

Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart when looking down he ſaw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way; yet thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt Man find in his ſight,
That he relents, not to blot out Mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to deſtroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beaſt; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant Day and Night,
Seed time and Harveſt, heat and hoary Froſt
Shall hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

The End of the Eleventh Book.



MBurgeſſe ſculp.

Paradiſe Loſt.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael *continues from the Flood to relate what ſhall ſucceed; then, in the mention of* Abraham, *comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman ſhall be, which was promiſed* Adam *and* Eve *in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Reſurrection and Aſcenſion: The ſtate of the Church till his Second Coming.* Adam *greatly ſatisfied and recomforted by theſe Relations and Promiſes deſcends the Hill with* Michael; *wakens* Eve, *who all this while had ſlept, but with gentle Dreams compos'd to quietneſs of mind and ſubmiſſion.* Michael *in either hand leads them out of Paradiſe, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their Stations to guard the Place.*

As one who in his journey bates at Noons,
Though bent on ſpeed, ſo here th' Arch-angel paus'd
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new Speech reſumes.

Thus thou haſt ſeen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee, but I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary humane ſenſe:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,

Thou therefore give due audience, and attend
This ſecond ſourſe of Men, while yet but few;
And while the dread of judgment paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the Soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft ſacrificing Bullock, Lamb or Kid,
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred Feaſt,
Shall ſpend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule; till one ſhall riſe
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate Dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,
Hunting (and Men, not Beaſts ſhall be his game)
With war and hoſtile ſnare ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
A mighty Hunter thence he ſhall be ſtyl'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpite of Heav'n
Or from Heav'n claiming ſecond Sovereignty;
And from Rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of Rebellion others he accuſe.
He with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from *Eden* towards the Weſt ſhall find
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of Brick, and of that ſtuff they caſt to build
A City and Towre, whoſe top may reach to Heav'n;
And get themſelves a name, leſt far diſpers'd

In

In foreign Lands their memory be loſt
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their Habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee their City, e'er the Tower
Obſtuct Heav'n Towers, and in deriſion ſets
Upon their Tongues a various Spirit to raſe
Quite out their Native Language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm; great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confuſion nam'd.

Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly diſpleas'd.
O execrable Son ſo to aſpire
Above his Brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurp'd, from God not giv'n:
He gave us onely over Beaſt, Fiſh, Fowl,
Dominion abſolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but Man over men
He made not Lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, humane left from humane free.
But this Uſurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on Man; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance: wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh Army, where thin Air
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails groſs,
And famiſh him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael.* Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That Son, who on the quiet ſtate of Men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational Liberty; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapſe, true Liberty
Is loſt, which always with right Reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart Paſſions catch the Government
From Reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore ſince he permits
Within himſelf unworthy Powers to reign
Over free Reaſon, God in judgment juſt
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
Who oft as undeſervedly enthrall
His outward freedom: Tyranny muſt be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſometimes Nations will decline ſo low
From vertue, which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But Juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loſt: Witneſs th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the ſhame
Done to his Father, heard this heavy curſe,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar Nation to ſelect

From

From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithfull Man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide *Euphrates* yet reſiding,
Bred up in Idol-worſhip; O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the Flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall
To worſhip their own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the moſt High vouchſafes
To call by Viſion from his Father's houſe,
His kindred and falſe Gods, into a Land
Which he will ſhew him, and from him will raiſe
A mighty Nation, and upon him ſhowre
His Benediction ſo, that in his Seed
All Nations ſhall be bleſt; he ſtreight obeys,
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soil
Ur of *Chaldæa*, paſſing now the Ford
To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
Not wandring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I ſee his Tents
Pitch'd about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plain
Of *Moreh*, there by promiſe he receives
Gift to his Progeny of all that Land;
From *Hamath* Northward to the Deſart South,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From *Hermon* Eaſt to the great Weſtern Sea,
Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them; on the ſhoar
Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted ſtream
Jordan, true limit Eaſtward; but his Sons

Shall

Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be bleſſed; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier ſhall be reveal'd. This Patriarch bleſt,
Whom *faithfull Abraham* due time ſhall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wiſedom, and renown;
The Grandchild with twelve Sons increas'd, departs
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſeven mouths
Into the Sea: to ſojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a younger Son
In time of dearth, a Son whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that Realm
Of *Pharaoh*: there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suſpected to a ſequent King, who ſeeks
To ſtop their overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably, and kills their infant Males:
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and *Aaron*) ſent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and ſpoil back to their promis'd Land.
But firſt the lawleſs Tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compell'd by Signs and Judgments dire;
To blood unſhed the Rivers muſt be turn'd,
Frogs, Lice and Flies muſt all his Palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His Cattel muſt of Rot and Murrain dye,

Botches

Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; Thunder mix'd with Hail,
Hail mix'd with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Sky,
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls;
What it devours not Herb, or Fruit, or Grain,
A darksome Cloud of Locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The River-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
More hardn'd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Hoast, but them lets pass
As on dry Land between two Crystal walls,
Aw'd by the Rod of *Moses* so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shoar;
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove,
Behind them, while th' obdurate King pursues:
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the Fiery Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Hoast
And craze their Chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On their imbatell'd ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm their War: the Race elect Safe

Safe towards *Canaan* from the ſhoar advance
Through the wild Deſart, not the readieſt way,
Leſt entring on the *Canaanite* allarm'd,
War terrifie them inexpert, and fear
Return them dark to *Egypt*, chooſing rather
Inglorious Life with ſervitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more ſweet
Untrain'd in Arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.
This alſo ſhall they gain by their delay
In the wide Wilderneſs, there they ſhall found
Their Government, and their great Senate chooſe
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whoſe gray top
Shall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
In Thunder, Lightning and loud Trumpets ſound
Ordain them Laws; part ſuch as appertain
To civil Juſtice, part religious Rites
Of ſacrifice, informing them, by types
And ſhadows, of that deſtin'd Seed to bruiſe
The Serpent, by what means he ſhall atchieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadfull; they beſeech
That *Moſes* might report to them his will,
And terrour ceaſe; he grants what they beſought
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without Mediatour, whoſe high Office now
Moſes in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretell,
And all the Prophets in their Age the times
Of great *Meſſiah* ſhall ſing. Thus Laws and Rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:

By his preſcript a Sanctuary is fram'd
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
An Ark, and in the Ark his Teſtimony,
The Records of his Cov'nant, over theſe
A Mercy-ſeat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seven Lamps as in a Zodiack repreſenting
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
Shall reſt by Day, a fiery gleam by Night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel to the Land
Promis'd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the reſt
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings deſtroy'd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun ſhall in mid Heav'n ſtand ſtill
A day entire, and Nights due courſe adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* ſtand,
And thou Moon in the Vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Iſrael* overcome; ſo call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Iſaac*, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall *Canaan* win.
Here *Adam* interpos'd. O ſent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkneſs, gratious things
Thou haſt reveal'd, thoſe chiefly which concern
Juſt *Abraham* and his Seed: now firſt I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
E'erwhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all Mankind; but now I ſee
His day, in whom all Nations ſhall be bleſt,
Favour unmerited by me, who ſought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to thoſe
Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
So many and ſo various Laws are giv'n;

So many Laws argue ſo many ſins
Among them; how can God with ſuch reſide?

To whom thus *Michael.* Doubt not but that ſin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, by ſtirring up
Sin againſt Law to fight: that when they ſee
Law can diſcover ſin, but not remove,
Save by thoſe ſhadowy expiations weak,
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more pretious muſt be paid for Man,
Juſt for unjuſt, that in ſuch righteouſneſs
To them by Faith imputed, they may find
Juſtification towards God, and peace
Of Conſcience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, diſciplin'd
From ſhadowy Types to Truth, from Fleſh to Spirit,
From impoſition of ſtrict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from ſervile fear
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
And therefore ſhall not *Moſes*, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the Miniſter
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
But *Joſhua* whom the Gentiles *Jeſus* call,
His Name and Office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary Serpent, and bring back
Through the worlds wilderneſs long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.
Mean while they in their earthly *Canaan* plac'd

Long time ſhall dwell and proſper, but when ſins
National interrupt their publick peace,
Provoking God to raiſe them enemies:
From whom as oft he ſaves them penitent
By Judges firſt, then under Kings; of whom
The ſecond, both for piety renown'd
And puiſſant deeds, a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
For ever ſhall endure; the like ſhall ſing
All prophecy, That of the Royal Stock
Of *David* (ſo I name this King) ſhall riſe
A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom ſhall truſt
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
The laſt, for of his Reign ſhall be no end.
But firſt a long Succeſſion muſt enſue,
And his next Son for Wealth and Wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
Wandring, ſhall in a glorious Temple enſhrine.
Such follow him, as ſhall be regiſter'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcroll,
Whoſe foul Idolatries, and other faults
Heapt to the popular ſum, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe their Land,
Their City, his Temple, and his holy Ark
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud City, whoſe high Walls thou ſaw'ſt
Left in confuſion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſeventy years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercy, and his Cov'nant ſworn
To *David*, ſtabliſh'd as the days of Heav'n.
Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
Their Lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God

They firſt re-ediſie, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the Prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the Altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour Peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it ſelf: at laſt they ſeiſe
The Sceptre, and regard not *David*'s Sons,
Then loſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed King *Meſſiah* might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Star
Unſeen before in Heav'n proclaims him come,
And guides the Eaſtern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incenſe, Myrrh and Gold;
His place of Birth a ſolemn Angel tells
To ſimple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a Quire
Of ſquadron'd Angels hear his Carol ſung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the Moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
The Throne hereditary, and bound his Reign
With Earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He ceas'd, diſcerning *Adam* with ſuch joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which theſe he breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand
What oft my ſteadieſt thoughts have ſearch'd in vain,
Why our great expectation ſhould be call'd
The ſeed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loins,
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son

Of God moſt High ; So God with man unites.
Needs muſt the Serpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal pain : ſay where and when
Their fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the Victour's heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of their fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel : not therefore joyns the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor ſo is overcome
Satan whoſe fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruiſe,
Diſabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound :
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall recure,
Not by deſtroying *Satan*, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed : nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didſt want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and ſuffering death,
The penalty to thy tranſgreſſion due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow :
So onely can high Juſtice reſt appaid.
The Law of God exact he ſhall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the Law ; thy puniſhment
He ſhall endure by coming in the Fleſh
To a reproachfull Life and curſed death,
Proclaiming Life to all who ſhall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To ſave them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A ſhamefull and accurs'd, nail'd to the Croſs
By his own Nation, ſlain for bringing Life ;

But to the Croſs he nails thy Enemies,
The Law that is againſt thee, and the ſins
Of all mankind, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly truſt
In this his ſatisfaction; ſo he dies,
But ſoon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long uſurp; e'er the third dawning light
Return, the Stars of Morn ſhall ſee him riſe
Out of his grave, freſh as the dawning light,
Thy ranſom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His Death for Man, as many as offer'd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou ſhouldſt have dy'd,
In ſin for ever loſt from life; this act
Shall bruiſe the head of *Satan*, cruſh his ſtrength
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main armes,
And fix far deeper in his head their ſtings
Than temporal death ſhall bruiſe the Victour's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like ſleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
Nor after reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
To his Diſciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all Nations what of him they learn'd
And his Salvation, them who ſhall believe
Baptizing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All Nations they ſhall teach; for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of *Abraham*'s Loins
Salvation ſhall be Preach'd, but to the Sons

Of *Abraham*'s Faith wherever through the world ;
So in his ſeed all Nations ſhall be bleſt.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the Air
Over his foes and thine ; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in Chains
Through all his Realm, and there confounded leave ;
Then enter into Glory, and reſume
His Seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n ; and thence ſhall come,
When this worlds diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithfull dead, but to reward
His faithfull, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of *Eden*, and far happier days.

So ſpake th' Arch-angel *Michael*, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period ; and our Sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd.

O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe !
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good ; more wonderfull
Then that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of Darkneſs ! full of doubt I ſtand.
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſion'd, or rejoyce
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring
To God more Glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few

His faithfull, left among th' unfaithfull herd,
The enemies of truth? who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be ſure they will, ſaid th' Angel; but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will ſend,
The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm
With ſpiritual Armour, able to reſiſt
Satan's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can doe againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompenc'd,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Their proudeſt Perſecutours: for the Spirit
Powr'd firſt on his Apoſtles, whom he ſends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptis'd, ſhall them with wondrous gifts endue
To ſpeak all Tongues, and doe all Miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Their Miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their ſtory written left,
They dye; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous Wolves
Who all the ſacred myſteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages ſhall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With ſuperſtitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in thoſe written Records pure,

Though

Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to joyn
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all Believers; and from that pretense,
Spiritual Laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; Laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and bind
His consort Liberty; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
Their own Faith not anothers? for on Earth
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,
Well deem in outward Rites and specious forms
Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found: so shall the World go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve

Satan with his perverted World, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs and peace and love
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliſs.

He ended; and thus *Adam* laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, Seer bleſt,
Meaſur'd this tranſient World, the Race of time,
Till time ſtand fix'd: beyond is all abyſs,
Eternity, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge what this Veſſel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,
And love with fear the onely God, to walk
As in his preſence, ever to obſerve
His providence, and on him ſole depend,
Merciſull over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall
Accompliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for Truth's ſake
Is fortitude to higheſt victory,
And to the faithfull Death the Gate of Life;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſt.

To whom thus alſo th' Angel laſt reply'd:
This having learnt, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
Of wiſedom; hope no higher, though all the Stars
Thou knewſt by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,

All

All ſecrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the Riches of this World enjoy'dſt,
And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable, add Faith,
Add vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the ſoul
Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the Guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder Hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe Front a flaming Sword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken *Eve*;
Her alſo I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her Spirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all Mankind.
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one Faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both deſcend the Hill;
Deſcended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep, and Dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and hearts diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilfull crime art baniſh'd hence.
This farther conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt.
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the Promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.

So ſpake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel ſtood, and from the other Hill
To their fix'd Station, all in bright array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Miſt
Ris'n from a River o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc'd,
The brandiſht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air aduſt,
Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
In either hand the haſtning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eaſtern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected Plain; then diſappear'd,

They

They looking back, all th' Eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadfull Faces throng'd and fiery Arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them ſoon;
The World was all before them, where to chooſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wandring ſteps and ſlow,
Through *Eden* took their ſolitary way.

THE END.

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